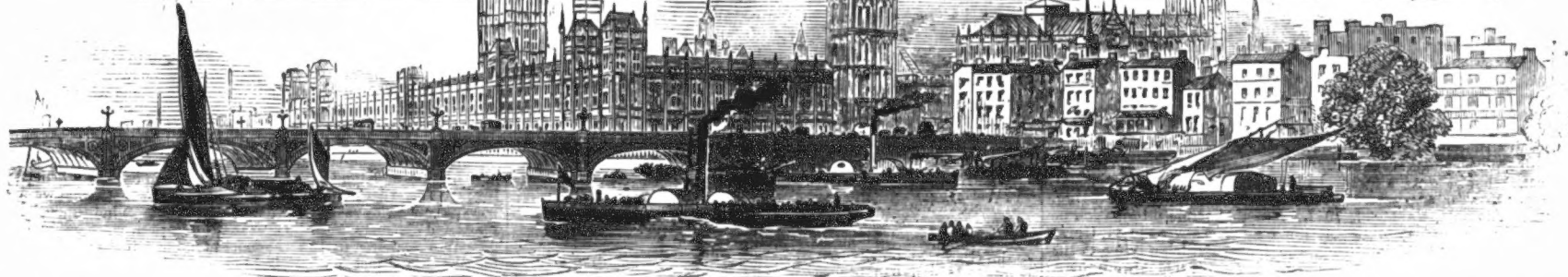


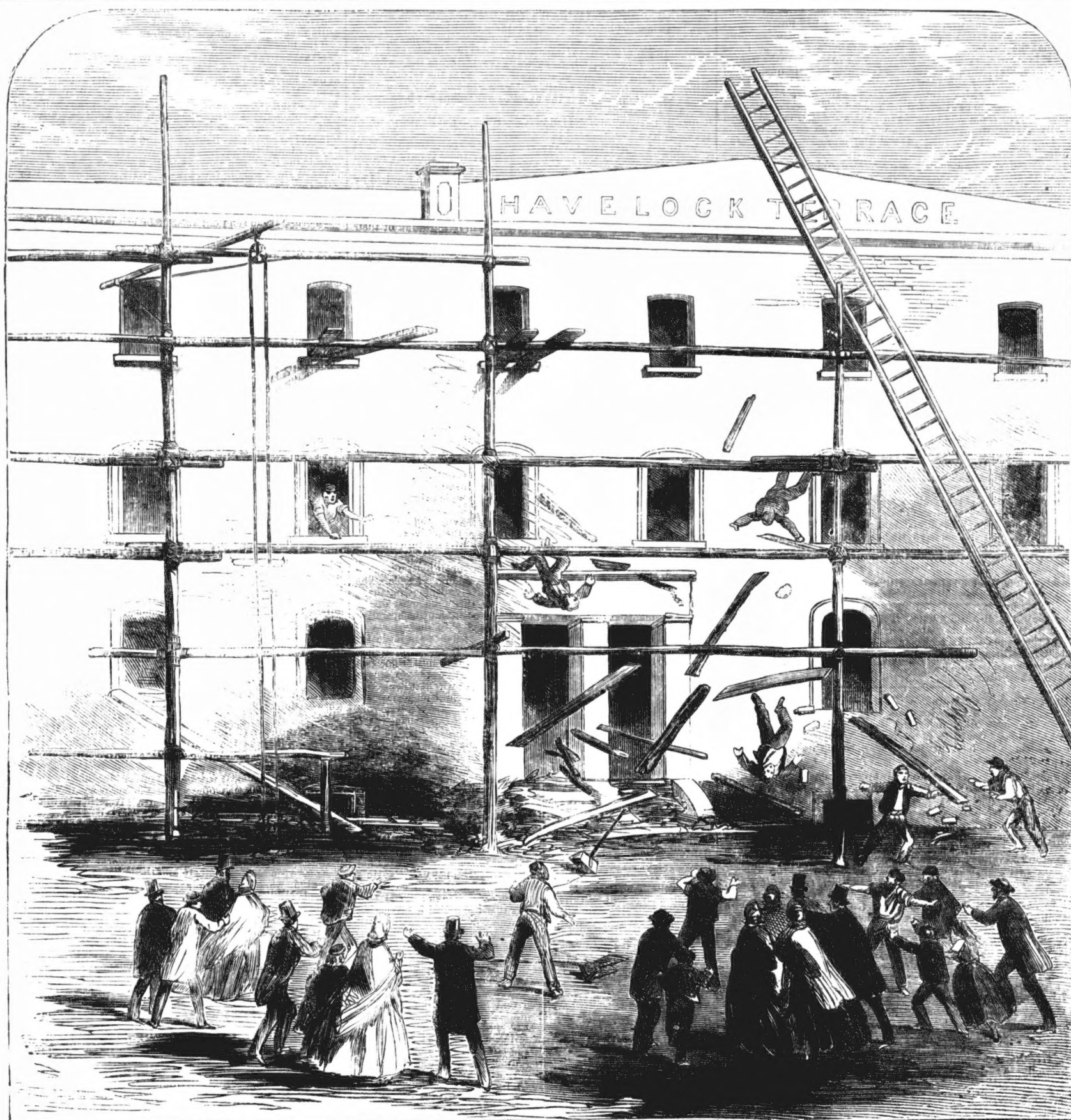
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**PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.**



No. 6.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



FATAL SCAFFOLD ACCIDENT AT PECKHAM (See page 82.)



## Notes of the Week.

THE Wimbledon competition was brought to a close on Saturday by a grand review and sham fight of some of the principal volunteer corps of London and the neighbourhood. The time fixed for the proceedings was six o'clock precisely, but they were not very punctual; and the threatening aspect of the weather in the course of the afternoon had possibly some effect in thinning the number that were expected. There was a large attendance of spectators, and the Duke of Cambridge was present, accompanied by a brilliant staff and escorted by a company of the Life Guards. The troops were formed in two divisions—one under the command of Lord Frederick Paulet, the other under Sir J. Yorke Scarlett. The forms of attacking entrenchments were gone through, and as the corps were not informed beforehand of what was expected from them, a good test of their readiness to fall into the required positions was thus afforded, which the troops bore admirably. The marching past his royal highness was, of course, to the mere spectators, the finest part of the ceremony.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. William Carter, the coroner for East Surrey, opened an inquiry at the Old Barge-house Tavern, Upper Ground-street, Blackfriars-road, touching the death of Sarah Howes, aged forty-one, lately residing at 84, Upper Ground-street, who, it was alleged, had been killed by her husband, Joseph Howes, a porter, on the previous Thursday evening. Police-constable Mansfield, 70 L, said that, from information he received on Thursday night, at ten o'clock, he went to 84, Upper Ground-street, Blackfriars-road, and found a woman lying in the second floor back room, quite dead. Several persons were there. The witness was told the woman had been murdered by Joseph Howes, her husband, and from further information he went to the Windmill public-house, at the corner of Bennett-street, and apprehended him. He said his wife had been drinking all day, but that he would not have touched a hair of her head. Jane Chatfield, who lived at 84, Upper Ground-street, gave evidence to the effect that she heard the sound of blows and screams in the deceased's room, and that neither deceased nor her husband were sober. She also stated that they were in the habit of quarrelling and that the husband had frequently threatened deceased. From the evidence of the police who examined the room where the woman was killed, it appeared that there was a considerable quantity of blood upon the floor and upon the bed. The deceased had a black eye, and was otherwise much bruised. The stockings of the husband were found to be saturated with blood. The witness, on one side of the room was battered in as if some person had fallen heavily against it. After deliberating for about twenty minutes the jury returned a verdict of "Willful murder against Joseph Howes."

On Tuesday night, shortly after twelve o'clock, a gentleman named Dunham, who was proceeding to his home, 4, Park-villas, Richmond-road, Dalston, was attacked in the most brutal manner as he was passing along Weymouth-terrace, Hackney-road. He was suddenly attacked from behind by two men, one of whom knocked him down by a tremendous blow on the head with an iron bar. The blows were repeated as he lay on the ground, powerless, but not insensible, and crying for help. Hearing the noise, a lady in Weymouth-terrace threw up a window and raised an alarm. Before assistance arrived the miscreants contrived to make their escape, after taking the unfortunate gentleman's watch and chain, and leaving him in a pool of blood with no less than nine distinct wounds in the head. His hands and arms, with which he tried to shield his head, were also frightfully cut and bruised. He was carried to the house of Dr. Wallace, Hackney-road, where his wounds were dressed, and was subsequently conveyed to his own home. Although the police were on the spot within three minutes of the occurrence, the two men got clear off.

## SHOCKING OCCURRENCE AT PECKHAM.

The illustration in our front page represents a fearful accident that occurred in Havelock-terrace, Meeting House-lane, Peckham. It appears that a number of large houses, four storeys high, are in course of erection, made to form the above-named terrace. Several men were engaged on the scaffold, painting the front of the houses, three of them being near one of the windows of the top storey. At this time another man, named William Millman, ascended the scaffold, but had scarcely reached the upper platform when it gave way and fell with a tremendous crash, smashing those portions beneath it as if they had been mere pieces of firewood. Millman and two others were precipitated into the area beneath, a depth of nearly fifty feet, the massive timber falling upon them. The groans of the sufferers were heartrending, and a large number of men set to work to extricate them, which they succeeded in doing after considerable difficulty. When the debris was cleared away a shocking sight presented itself. Millman, who had fallen upon his head, had part of his skull smashed in, some of the brain protruding. Near him lay Bryant, with one leg dreadfully crushed. The third man was also badly hurt. The sufferers were at once conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where they received prompt attention at the hands of the house-surgeon and other medical gentlemen, but Millman expired shortly after his admission. It was found necessary to amputate one of Bryant's legs, and the other is broken in two places.

**DEATH OF ONE OF NELSON'S HEROES.**—There died lately, at Misce Island, Robert Harper, a native of Glasgow, aged seventy-eight. He was a sailor under the immortal Nelson, and was on board his ship at the battle of the Nile or Aboukir, and was one of the oarsmen in the boat that landed his lordship on the shores of Egypt after the battle.

**ERRONEOUS CONVICTION FOR MURDER.**—The subscription in favour of the woman Doize has now been finally applied. A cottage, of the value of 2,000*l.*, has been purchased, and an annuity of 336*l.* been assigned her. It may be remembered that she was unjustly condemned for murder, and remained for more than a year in prison, when the error was discovered by the confession of the real murderer.

**SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.**—As Lord Aveland's carriage was driving up Constitution-hill the axle-tree broke. The horses, becoming unmanageable, rushed forward, dragging after them the fore part of the carriage, and struck Sir Cresswell Cresswell, who was riding in front of the carriage, with such force as to knock his horse completely over. Sir Cresswell fortunately escaped with merely a fracture of the kneecap and a severe shaking. He was picked up by Sir Thomas Fremantle, who was passing at the time, and conveyed at his own desire to St. George's Hospital, where his injuries were attended to, and afterwards was removed to his residence at Prince's-gate. We are happy to hear that the learned judge is going on favourably, but it will be some very considerable time before he will be able to sit again. It was almost miraculous that he was not more seriously injured.

**INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, FITS.**—A sure cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a "Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations," published by Dr. O. Phelps Brown. The prescription was furnished him in such a providential manner, and as it has cured everybody who has tried it, he will not refuse to make it known. It is equally sure in cases of fits, dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be found at any respectable herbalist or chemist's. Sent free on receipt of one stamp. Address—Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London. —[Advertisement.]

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following despatch to the Emperor by "his Majesty's orderly officer en mission":—

"Sire.—The 31st of May, on the approach of the Bazaine division, the ex-President Juarez, fearing capture, fled in all haste with a few troops in the direction of San Luis de Potosi. General Bazaine then occupied the city (Mexico), into which the general-in-chief made his entry on the 10th of June, at the head of the army, and accompanied by the minister of France and General Almonte. This triumphal march, in the midst of 200,000 inhabitants, uttering cheers for the Emperor, the Empress, and French intervention, has produced a great sensation in the country. I am charged to present to your Majesty—1. Five flags and thirteen banners, taken from the enemy at the assault of St. Xavier, and at the combat of St. Pablo del Monte. 2. The silver keys of the city of Mexico, which are offered to your Majesty by the municipality of the place; and 3. a letter from the general-in-chief. Likewise I have to present to the Prince Imperial a small 8-pounder rifled cannon, with its carriage and ammunition for thirty rounds. This cannon, taken at Puebla, is offered to his imperial highness by the army of Mexico."

A battalion of the Imperial Guard paraded before the Emperor's residence at Vichy. M. Gallifet, one of the officers from General Forey's army, delivered to his Majesty the flag taken by the French troops in Mexico. The Emperor summoned the sub-officers of the Guard, and delivered the trophies into their charge, with the words, "If you had been there you would also have taken your share of flags." The battalion defiled before the Emperor amid the acclamation of the crowd.

The *Moniteur* contains a detailed account from General Forey of the military operations, &c., of the French army from the 20th of May to the 2nd of June, the date of the despatch. On the latter day there were 822 men in the Puebla hospitals, 262 in the convalescent depot, and 120 in the temporary convalescent depot of San Martino. The total losses of the expeditionary army from the commencement of the campaign are stated by General Forey to be, "18 officers and 167 men killed, and 79 officers and 1,039 men wounded, among whom several have died from their wounds. This statement will show your excellency," adds the report, "that although these losses are sensible, success has not cost so dear as might be thought, and that the blood of our troops has been spared as much as possible."

The *Patrie* publishes the following petition to the Emperor, which it says is now being signed in a great many factories:—

"Sire.—In presence of the crimes now perpetrated against humanity, there are no parties in France; there is only a nation ever ready to support the solidarity of peoples. Russia is assassinating Poland. She is assassinating citizens who were baptised by our fathers as brothers in arms, and who showed themselves worthy of this glorious title both in our reverses and in our successes. Russia murders old men and children; she murders mothers, wives, and young girls. They all in dying think of their country, and turn supplicating towards France. This debauch of blood is seasoned by Mouravieff with barbarous atrocities which horrify our civilisation. The narrative of these crimes makes our mothers, our wives, our sisters, and our children weep. We feel our French blood boil in our veins. Sire, you hold in your hands the sword of France: use this sword to settle a question which diplomacy is impotent to solve. Sire, unfold the national flag, and once more declare to the world that a great cause precedes that flag and a great people follows it. Sire, save, let us save Poland!—In this hope, we are, sire, &c."

## JAPAN.

## SERIOUS STATE OF AFFAIRS.

By the last fortnightly summary of news readers were informed that war with Japan was imminent, although the British *charge d'affaires* had granted to the Japanese, at their own urgent request, a further period of fifteen days to consider the terms of the ultimatum. "Since that time," says the *China Mail* of May 30, "the Japanese have asked for a still further extension of time, and a period of ten days more has been allowed to them. According to this latter arrangement, the period fixed for receiving a reply to the ultimatum must have expired on the 21st instant." The latest advices from Japan are to the 14th of May, at which time no reply had reached the British authorities.

"At Yokohama, the native servants were leaving the employ of foreigners, and were moreover, conducting themselves towards them with studied rudeness, breaking articles of furniture, forcing their way into houses, jostling foreigners in the street, and otherwise endeavouring to show their patriotism, or bring on such a disturbance as might lead to a general attack upon our people. The latter, however, have not retaliated these offensive demonstrations to such an extent as to disturb the peace. By this time most of the foreign residents at the open ports are in a position of comparative safety. Merchants have transferred on board ship their stores of goods and other valuables, and their arrangements are made for taking to the shipping at very short notice. It is not desirable, they consider, to leave the foreign concession until that step becomes actually necessary for their safety; and in order to secure the latter, Colonel Neale has sent to Shanghai for the 31st Regiment, which was, it may be remembered, ordered to England a considerable time ago, on being relieved at Taku. Her Majesty's transport Vulcan, which left Hongkong to convey the 31st from Shanghai to this port, will now, it is understood, carry them to Yokohama, where the foreign concession will be held during any hostilities that may ensue. Admiral Kuper has informed the Japanese authorities that no hostilities are intended by him in the neighbourhood of the open ports, unless it should be necessary as a defensive measure. The Tycoon's Government have notified to the admiral that proper warning will be given in the event of war being determined upon, so that foreign residents on shore may have time to withdraw should they desire it; this act of courtesy, however, is somewhat seriously qualified by a statement annexed, to the effect that Prince Satsuma is sending his retainers into Yokohama disguised as peaceful natives, and that they are to arrive in groups of three and four at a time so as not to excite suspicion. The Tycoon has very plainly assured the admiral that he was in the position of being compelled to feign dislike and hostility to foreigners, although his real feelings were friendly. Notwithstanding that the period for receiving the reply of the Japanese Government has been twice extended, it is rumoured that, to oblige the Japanese, further grace will be accorded to them if they desire it. It cannot be doubted but that the nobles will require time to discuss a question involving a change in the country's constitution; and they doubtless feel that the discussion of this matter cannot very well be delayed. On our side delay is likewise wanted in order to allow time for the arrival of troops from India, which have been sent for, if report speaks correctly."

## MURDEROUS OUTBREAK IN NEW ZEALAND.

The following is from a New Zealand letter:—  
"A short time before proceeding to Taranaki, Sir George Grey made a flying visit, privately and without ceremony, to the Waikato—a numerous and powerful section of natives living on the Waikato river. The Waikato is the stronghold of the 'King' party, and here reside the Maori King and his most influential supporters. Ugly rumours had been promulgated respecting the disorganised state of this district, and Sir George determined to see for himself. He accordingly left Auckland, attended only by two

or three chiefs in the employ of the Government, and, unannounced and unexpected, he succeeded in reaching the very centre of disaffection, and penetrated even to the *sanctum sanctorum* of Maori royalty, but the dusky monarch was away with his court at some other place. It was not long before Sir George was recognised, and the news spread like wildfire that the governor was among them. Deputations of chiefs came in from all directions, all anxious to rub noses 'with their father the governor.' There was universal rejoicing all along the river; a picked crew of young chiefs paddled the governor's canoe from place to place, young girls and women chanted songs of welcome, and the greatest kindness prevailed. Still, it is worthy of remark, as showing how little reliance is to be placed on these manifestations of personal regard, that they went no further than this. The natives forgot the governor in the friend, and so long as his excellency maintained that position they were content to bury the remembrance of the quarrels and disputes which had occurred previously. But it would not do for the governor to content himself with paying and receiving friendly compliments. He had come to judge for himself of the intentions of the natives, and to endeavour to dissuade them from the suicidal opposition to his plans which had been organized. A magician's wand could not have wrought a more sudden change than did the introduction of political subjects. The chiefs who had been foremost in their demonstrations of welcome now grew cold and silent. In reply to his excellency's advice to give up their "King" movement, as it would certainly bring them into trouble, they positively refused to do so. They were disposed to concede every other demand but this. Their opposition to roads and steamers, and the Taranaki question, were minor considerations compared to their support of their King as the embodiment of a distinct nationality. A sudden attack of illness compelled Sir George Grey to return without extending his visit as he had intended, but before he left he made a memorable declaration to the "King" chiefs. He told them he intended to go to Taranaki, and take possession of his land there, meaning Tataraimaka. It is tolerably certain that his excellency obtained a promise from the Waikato chiefs not to interfere with his movements at Tataraimaka. This promise, there is reason to believe, has been kept, as evidence is given of letters having been sent to the Taranaki natives counselling them to give up the land to the governor.

"Intelligence was received in Auckland that a large party of Waikato natives were marching down to Taranaki, and General Cameron, who had only left the latter place a few days previously, at once hurried back in the steamer. He did not arrive at all too soon. Matters were looking decidedly ugly; all sorts of rumours were flying about, and it was considered advisable to take extra precautions. On the 25th of April a warning was sent to the governor by some friendly natives that the rebels intended to commence fighting on the day but one following (Monday). Similar intimations had been conveyed to the settlers living outside the town, and they were all in a great state of trepidation, many of them coming into town. His Excellency chose to disregard this warning, and even endeavoured to induce the settlers to go back to their farms, as they had nothing to fear. It was a most fortunate thing that this advice was not taken, and that it had not been necessary to send out small detached parties of military during that day, as it was afterwards discovered that an ambush of three armed parties of rebel natives had been stationed on the road between New Plymouth and Tataraimaka, with the avowed intention of cutting off the first Europeans who should pass that way. Still, singular as it may seem, although the threatening attitude of the natives was publicly known and commented on by the Taranaki journals, no steps were taken by the governor, at any rate, only very imperfect steps—to guard against the danger. It would appear that his excellency would not believe the Maories intended to fight, and he was determined, if possible, not to be the first to strike a blow. The result is soon told, and a melancholy tale it is. Two escort parties were passing along the Tataraimaka road on Monday, the 4th of May, when they were fired into by some natives in ambush. One of the escort parties managed to retreat in safety, but the officers and men composing the other party were, with one exception, shot down, and their bodies afterwards brutally mutilated. Those killed are Staff Assistant-Surgeon W. A. Hope, M.B., Lieutenant T. H. Tradgett, 57th Regiment, Sergeant Samuel Hill, 57th Regiment, and Privates Edward Kelly, John Flynn, Bartholomew MacCarthy, and William Banks, 57th Regiment. When found, the bodies presented a frightful spectacle, and those of the officers had been almost entirely stripped of their clothing. Mr. Hope had been shot through the right shoulder, the ball having penetrated both lungs and lodged near the spine on the left side. There was a tomahawk wound over the left side of his head, and a deep spear wound through the face and upper jaw. Lieutenant Tradgett had been shot through the chest and through the thigh, but had no other wound. The other victims had various gunshot wounds, and had been hacked about the head with the tomahawks and speared through the chest. Mr. Tradgett appears to have died almost instantly, but Dr. Hope must have struggled hard with his assailants. The sergeant was senior colour-sergeant of his regiment, and Kelly had five medals. The receipt of the intelligence produced a profound sensation in Taranaki. Alarm guns were fired from the redoubt on Marsland-hill, and messengers despatched into the country to order all the out-settlers into the town. Two hundred volunteers were told off for patrol duty. On the following day the troops were marched out and took up a position on native land, and a redoubt was hastily constructed. No natives were encountered.

**EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY.**—On the 16th of May last, the premises known as the Gaer, near Newport, Monmouthshire, were burglariously entered, and the will of the then recently deceased owner, Mr. Thomas Powell, an eminent colliery proprietor in South Wales, several shares in local works, and other documents, were stolen. A reward of £100 was offered for the recovery of the will, but without effect, till last week, when a mysteriously worded communication was received from an anonymous correspondent, stating that if a lady of the Powell family would attend at a certain gate on the Gaer property, and there hold a conference with the writer, the missing will and other documents should be restored intact, on payment of the promised reward. An interview accordingly took place between a supposed lady and the anonymous correspondent; but £125 were demanded as the price for the restoration of the will, and that sum being refused the conference terminated. A second arrangement was made by letter for a meeting, but this also went off unsatisfactorily. A third arrangement was made, but in this the services of the police were engaged, and it resulted in the capture of a young man, named Edward Gill, aged eighteen, son of a picture frame-maker of Newport, after a desperate struggle with Sergeant Hale, of the county constabulary. On searching the ground where the encounter took place the whole of the missing property which had been so mysteriously stolen from the Gaer was discovered. Gill was taken before the magistrates, when some preliminary evidence was adduced, and the prisoner was remanded.

**A FOOD AND LUXURY WITHOUT A FAULT.**—No parent or invalid should fail to buy Maizena. It was reported by the jury of the late Exhibition "Exceedingly Excellent for food," and obtained the two prize medals, being the sole awards gained by any article of its kind. Maizena is highly recommended by our first physicians as the best, lightest, most palatable, and most nutritious food for invalids and children, and prepared according to the directions given, it may be made into the most delicious cakes, custards, puddings, blanc manques, and other exquisite dishes, effecting a wonderful saving in eggs, isinglass, &c.—[Advt.]



## THE GREAT BATTLE IN AMERICA.

One of the correspondents of the *New York Herald* who was with Reynolds's corps, thus describes the earlier portion of the fighting:—

"Bivouac on the field,

"West of Gettysburg, July 1, ten p.m.

"General Buford's cavalry had previously driven the rebels to the west of the town beyond the cemetery, and between nine and ten o'clock a.m. the rebels gave his pickets a pretty sharp brush, and drove them in. General Reynolds, with his first corps, was on the road from Emmetsburg to Gettysburg, en route to the latter place, which road approaches through the very scene of the conflict. General Reynolds at once threw forward the first division under General Wadsworth, which began to drive the enemy from the Start. Very soon after the second division of the same corps went on the right of the first division, the third division on the left of the first, and the whole line began to advance. Across the valley General Reynolds's line advanced somewhat hastily, almost before it was well formed, and in that condition did not go far until against it a heavy force of the rebel infantry was immediately thrown, and General Reynolds was in turn driven back; but his troops retired step by step, and in excellent order. Forward with the utmost enthusiasm pressed the rebel line, eager now to turn Reynolds's retirement into a rout. Some of the rebels had too much energy, and got too far; for, while they pressed too closely on the right of the centre division the left of the same division was suddenly swept around, and then enclosed in the handsomest manner an entire rebel brigade under General Archer. General Archer and his whole staff were taken. About 1,500 of the enemy's men thus fell into our hands, and went to the rear. Small regiments were the order in this brigade; and when an Alabama colonel was asked where the rest of his regiment was, he responded laconically, "Gone to hell, sir." One of these prisoners said to another, with some astonishment, "Heh! Jaky's, we're fighting the army of the Potomac now." They seem to have thought they had hold of the militia. The regiments which made this capture were the 5th Wisconsin, the Brooklyn Fourteenth, and the 95th New York. Though the first corps still continued to retire, the rebel advance was broken soon after this, and General Reynolds now prepared to go forward in earnest. Apparently forgetful that he had at first only gone in to support cavalry, he was very like to bring on a general engagement with only one corps. Formed as before, his line went forward, and drove the enemy across the valley and over the further side, but it was at great expense to us, as the fire with which they received our fellows was terribly severe. From the hill the line of skirmishers was thrown out some distance, and General Reynolds went out to the line to reconnoitre, when he was hit by a musket ball in the back of the neck and killed instantly. In rather less than an hour after the fight began the 11th corps came up the same road by which the first had approached, and General Howard at once assumed command of the whole field, while General Schurz assumed command of the 11th corps. Our right flank was completely turned and our left at the same time, so superior was the enemy's force. The first corps was given way, and the eleventh found it impossible to maintain its position. The first division retired in good order, and the third fell back nearly at the same time. The two divisions fell back slowly, pausing occasionally, to stem the rebel advance. Our men retreated slowly through Washington-street, the rebels closely pursuing, and being in advance of many of our troops on the east side of the town. We fell back to a position south of the town cemetery, which General Howard had first selected as the only good position that we could secure. The rebels did not seem to think it best to attempt to dislodge us. The enemy occupied the town on our retirement, and the sharpshooters were stationed on the houses near us. The battle of to-day was well fought. We had 22,000 against 50,000."

## DEATH OF GENERAL REYNOLDS.

From all accounts it would appear that General Reynolds was placing his men, and urging them on to the support of General Buford, when he was fatally wounded. He cried out, in his enthusiasm, "For God's sake, forward, my brave boys—forward!" Just then General Reynolds received his fatal wound, and falling over on Captain Wilcox, his aide, who was riding beside him, he exclaimed "Good God, Wilcox, I am killed."

## SECOND DAY'S FIGHTING.

We again extract from the correspondence of the *New York Herald*:—

"General Reynolds, it seems more and more clear, fought rashly on Wednesday, and very probable against the wishes of the commander of the army; yet his battle, which lost so many men, gave us full information of the whereabouts of the enemy's main body, and committed the enemy to the position north of Gettysburg, or perhaps led him to believe that he had a greater force in his front than we then had, and so made him fear to make any such movement as would be necessary to take up a new position in presence of this army. At Gettysburg all the good roads in this part of the country converge. All the other roads except those that meet here are mere by-ways for the use of the neighbourhood, narrow and soon cut up, and thus rendered unfit for the movements of an army. General Meade, therefore began from the first to mass his forces in such a manner as would enable him to hold these roads to the best advantage."

The Federal batteries shelled the heights and woods occupied by the Confederate forces. The latter were silent for a long time, but at length opened a terrific cannonade on the Federals, which was promptly replied to. A newspaper correspondent thus describes the scene:—

"The air seemed literally filled with screaming messengers of death. Old soldiers, who had heard the roar of cannon at Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, declared the cannonading to be equal, if not greater, than that of any of those engagements."

We extract some details of the actual fighting on the second day from the letter of a correspondent of the *New York Times*, who writes from the battle-field:—

"From 4.30 the most fearful fighting ever recorded took place. The artillery attack made by the enemy on the left and centre was rapidly followed by the advances of his infantry. The 3rd corps received the attack with great coolness. The rebels at once made for our flank, and kept moving heavy columns in that direction. This necessitated support, which was quickly given by the 5th corps, the division of General Barnett being sent to the right, and that of General Ayres (regulars), to the left, with General Crawford in reserve. The battle now became perfectly fearful. The armies engaged each other at a very short range, and for three long hours the war of musketry was incessant. I have heard more noise, louder crashes, in other battles, but I never saw or heard of such desperate tenacious fighting as took place on this flank. The enemy would often bring up suddenly a heavy column of men, and force our lines back, only to be in turn forced back by our own line of glittering steel. Our gallant columns covered themselves with glory over and over again. They fought a superior force in numbers. The dispositions of the enemy were very rapid, for look where you would on that field a body of rebels would be advancing. Our dispositions were equally rapid, and the enemy found more than their equals in such gallant veterans as Sickles, and Birney, and Humphreys. At half-past six, General Sickles was struck in the right leg by a piece of shell, and borne from the field. The injury was so great that amputation became necessary, and it was performed successfully, the limb being taken off below

the knee. The struggle grew hotter and hotter. The 2nd corps was called on for aid; and though its own position was strongly threatened, yet the first division formerly General Hancock's, flung themselves into the fight with desperation, and after a long and obstinate conflict the enemy slowly and sullenly gave way. In this last charge the brigade of General Caldwell, 2nd corps, and that of Colonel Switzer, from the 5th corps, won great honours. The charges made by our men deserve mention, but want of time forbids. The rebels made frequent attempts to capture our artillery, and at one time had Watson's battery in their possession, but it was retaken in a furious charge by Birney's division. The battle lasted till fully half-past eight o'clock, when the enemy fell back to his old position, and left our veterans the ensanguined victors of that field. Our pickets were thrown out, and our lines covered most of the field, including a great number of the enemy's dead and wounded."

"A great and magnificent feature of this fight is the splendid use of artillery. Though our line of battle was only a mile and a half long, yet almost every battery belonging to the army of the Potomac was more or less engaged. Every one of the reserve batteries was brought into action, the positions for use being numerous. The enemy also used artillery largely, but not to near so great an extent as we did. From this they suffered immensely, and especially on the left, where canister was largely used. I believe we lost no artillery, unless it was two or three disabled pieces, though it was very wonderful we did not, considering how the enemy's forces were piled on to them. Some of their skirmishers were literally blown away from the muzzles of our guns. Our losses at this hour cannot be computed, but for two days' fighting they are very heavy. We mourn the loss of many valuable officers, but they have been amply revenged in the hecatombs of rebel dead, who lay piled along the lines. Between ten o'clock and midnight a consultation was called by General Meade of all corps commanders, and after deliberation it was unanimously decided to maintain our present positions at all hazards, and fight as long as there was a man left. The death of Lieutenant-General Longstreet is reported by prisoners taken from his corps. I know of no other authority for it. The enemy withdrew his forces from the city of Gettysburg yesterday, and occupies it now only with skirmishers. Our skirmishers advanced into it a short distance last night, and now hold considerably more than they did. There is much doubt whether the enemy will renew the attack at daylight, but the expression on all hands is 'We are ready.'"

## THE BATTLE OF 3RD JULY.

The correspondent of the *New York Herald* furnishes the following account of the third day's battle at Gettysburg:—

"The battle of Friday was the most desperate, most fierce, and decisive of the war. It was commenced at early daybreak on our extreme left by a determined attack by the enemy with musketry and artillery. The attack was met by the 6th corps and portions of the 1st and the 5th, the 3rd lying close at hand in reserve. The battle raged fiercely at this point for nearly three hours, when the enemy fell back, yielding to us the whole of the battle-field of that morning, as well as that of the previous day. Nearly simultaneously with the opening of the attack on the left, movements were discovered on the right, indicating that an effort was making to flank our position in that direction. Our artillery on Cemetery Hill at once opened, throwing heavy volleys of shell over and to the north and east of the town. At this point we had eight or ten batteries in position, covered by earthworks. The enemy responded briskly to our cannonading, but with poor effect, and were evidently much annoyed by our fire. They, however, pressed their columns on to the right, and very soon our infantry poured on that flank and were earnestly engaged. The contest here was even more earnest and continuous than on the left. The 12th and portions of the 11th corps withstood the shock, giving never an inch of ground to their assailants. The fight raged here on the face of a lofty mountain, densely wooded, from the summit of which batteries could command our position on Cemetery Hill. It was evidently with a view of gaining this position that the enemy made the assault. For this purpose Hill's corps, that had fought on the left on the previous day, was brought around to the right to reinforce Early, and as the scheme was developed it appeared that the early attack on the left was intended merely as a diversion to cover this movement. From a distance the progress of the fight could be observed by the curling smoke rising above the woods, marking the line of the fierce contest. In this struggle our reserved artillery was brought into play, and did most excellent service from impromptu positions on the elevated points back of Cemetery Hill, shelling the face of the mountain where the enemy were supposed to be. This reserve fire of shell, added to the steady and unflinching ardour of the glorious 12th corps, ultimately checked the vastly superior force of the enemy, who for an hour or two had been gradually advancing. At the critical juncture, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, one or two brigades of New York troops, supposed to be militia from Pennsylvania, arrived, and were immediately thrown into position to reinforce the right wing, which was being so badly pressed. This assistance determined the fate of the day. The enemy quailed before it, and soon the curling smoke that marked the line of the contest began to recede, surely indicating that the enemy were falling back; but if they gave way at all it was but slowly fighting at every step, and thus the battle raged for hours, and until afternoon, when the enemy abandoned the field in that direction. But they did not yield the day. For a period hostilities seemed to be suspended, but the suspension was very brief."

"The rebel columns seemed to be moved as if by magic, and, within an hour their whole force was massed directly in our front, and once more the fierce and deadly contest opened. This time it was an assault along the entire line—a last resort, the forlorn hope of the enemy. They were weakened in numbers and dispirited and utterly demoralised; yet Lee had a reputation to save, and a name to make, and at any sacrifice of life he seemed bound to win the day, but he strove in vain. The Union troops were fighting at home and among their own people. They fought like heroes, and, inspired by success, they had no thought of defeat. They could have withstood three times the force of the enemy hurled against them. It was mere play for them to drive back the columns of the rebels, and so they did drive them back, and at five o'clock, after more than twelve hours' constant fighting, the contest terminated, the national troops victorious at every point, and having nearly the entire battle-field in their possession. 'Time fails me to dwell upon the details of this brilliant and glorious battle. It would be interesting to state how we took thousands on thousands of prisoners, how the enemy were slaughtered, how our men fell by thousands, heroically defending their national emblem; but let all this be deferred: the day is ours, the victory is won, the country is saved. At the close of the action General Lee had the impudence to send in a flag of truce asking a suspension of hostilities, to give him time for the burial of the dead and an exchange of prisoners. General Meade replied that he intended to recapture all the prisoners the enemy had taken, and that he would bury their dead for them. Failing in this attempt to gain time, and badly worsted at all hands, the rebels had no other resource but to avail themselves of the fast approaching night to fall back to the mountains. So precipitate was their retreat last night that their guards and sentinels in town were not relieved, and were captured. This morning upwards of 1,100 stragglers were taken in Gettysburg, besides our wounded who had fallen into the enemy's hands on Wednesday. At early daybreak General Pleasanton was started in pursuit of the rebels with his artillery, and at the last accounts was pressing them hard. The summary of

this battle it would be difficult to give at this time. Both sides have lost heavily. The country about Gettysburg is crowded with wounded men. Every house and every barn is a hospital. Probably in the aggregate of both armies at least 50,000 men have been placed *hors de combat*. The apportionment of this loss would probably be 20,000 Union and 30,000 rebels. In addition to this we have captured from 12,000 to 20,000 prisoners, which is more than quadruple what they have taken from us, including our wounded, who fell into their hands on Wednesday, and who were recaptured by us in Gettysburg this morning. It is exceedingly doubtful if we have taken either Longstreet or Hill as reported, though the report is based upon statements of rebel prisoners. Other reports say that Longstreet is badly wounded, and some say he is dead."

## THE CHILD MURDER AT ISLINGTON.

The details of the above case have already been published in extenso in this journal; but we now add thereto the evidence of Mr. Rowe, the proprietor of the grounds where the foul deed was committed. The youth Clarke, now in custody, is strongly suspected of having perpetrated the crime.

Mr. John Rowe examined: I was present when the lower jaw was found after the inquest was last held. It was turned up close to the spot where the skull was buried. I cannot tell how the body which was found came to be buried on my premises. Clarke kept the keys of the garden and greenhouse. It was his (Clarke's) business to attend to the fires and stoves of the greenhouses and to open the premises in the morning. Clarke had also the key of the office belonging to the greenhouse where the bones were found. Clarke did not sleep in the house, as usual, on the night of the 30th of March. I am certain as to the date being correct having found a memorandum-book, which I produce, containing entries which put it beyond a doubt. The witness then stated that the book contained a memorandum to the effect that Clarke and he had visited two nurseries on the Sunday in question. I am sure that the night on which Clarke slept out was the 30th March, the day mentioned in the diary as that on which the two nurseries were visited by us. I had been previously very ill, and this was my first long walk after my recovery. I felt very fatigued, and told my landlady not to admit Clarke if he came in after ten o'clock. I told him the same thing. I recollect hearing him asking to be admitted at a little before twelve o'clock on the night in question. Although locked out of the house, he had all the keys of the garden and greenhouses. I did not see Clarke until the next morning. I know two cases in which Clarke was accused of having attempted to commit indecent assaults upon children. On one occasion he confessed to me having done so. The date on which this occurred was the 9th of October, 1861. I produce a memorandum of the affair, which was made at the time in the presence of Clarke. The memorandum stated that a complaint having been made to Mr. Rowe that Clarke had attempted to assault a child indecently, he (Clarke) had confessed to having deceived the child into the greenhouse by promising to give her something for delivering a letter at the nursery, that he had put a handkerchief over her mouth, she began to scream, and he let her go. By Mr. Dickie: The reason I inquired into the matter was that a complaint was made to me of Clarke by the child's mother, which I did not believe. No other assault was committed beyond putting the handkerchief over the girl's mouth. By the Coroner: Clarke remained with me until the 13th of April. In the meantime I complained of his irregularities in stopping out late to his mother, who sent his uncle to intercede for him. On the 19th of April I dismissed him summarily for embezzling money, which I found concealed in his boot. By Mr. Dickie: After returning from the nurseries on the Sunday Clarke dined about one o'clock, and went out immediately after dinner. I did not see him again until next morning. I carry on business under the name of Mitchell and Co. There is no Mitchell in the firm. I have not always borne the name of Rowe; I changed my name from family circumstances five years since. I decline to state what my name was before that, or where I lived. I am a married man; but I am separated from my wife. I decline to say what my avocations were five years ago.

## THE GRAND REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT.

The illustration in page 83 represents the recent grand review at Aldershot, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were present.

FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—Two men, Joseph Edwards and Watkin Thomas, were killed by an explosion of fire damp, at the Wyanstaf Colliery, Eushon. They had gone to their work as usual, about 700 yards from the pit's mouth, and before their descent their safety lamps were carefully locked by the man appointed. About forty persons were at work in other parts of the pit. An explosion was heard, when the managers descended and found the unfortunate victims to their own recklessness dead, an accumulation of fire damp having taken place, and it being manifest that they both had broken open their lamps.

THE CHANNEL FLEET.—The Channel fleet, under the command of Rear-Admiral Dacres, left Great Yarmouth Roads on Sunday evening for the north. The squadron comprises the Edgar, 71 guns, Rear-Admiral Dacres, Captain Hornby, 800 men, 600-horse power; the Emerald, 35, Captain Cumming, 510 men, 600-horse power; the Liverpool, 29, Captain Lambert, 540 men, 600-horse power; the Warrior, 40, Captain the Hon. A. Cochrane, 710 men, 1,200 horse power; the Black Prince, 40, Captain Wainwright, 746 men, 1,200-horse power; the Resistance, 16, Captain Charbelain, 482 men, 600-horse power; the Defence, 16, Captain Phillimore, 468 men, 600-horse power; the Royal Oak, 35, Captain Campbell, 547 men, 800-horse power; and a steam tender with 20 men, making a total of upwards of 4,800 men. It is scarcely necessary to recall the fact that the Warrior, the Black Prince, the Resistance, the Defence, and the Royal Oak are iron-clads; the cruise from the Downs to Yarmouth was almost the first voyage made by the Royal Oak, and it is stated that she has realized the expectations formed respecting her, both as regards sea-going qualities and speed. The iron-clads have, of course, been objects of lively interest to residents in the eastern counties. The Great Eastern Railway Company has reaped quite a harvest in conveying excursionists to the fleet from Norwich, Lowestoft, Ipswich, and various other points of its *resort*; and up to Monday trains were constantly conveying large numbers of excursionists to Yarmouth. The mayor and local authorities of Yarmouth made strenuous exertions to secure the presence of the squadron in the roadstead a few days longer, and a letter was even addressed to the Admiralty on the subject, but with no avail. Rear-Admiral Dacres and the officers of the fleet were much gratified with the cordial reception which they experienced in Yarmouth, and many of the latter availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting Norwich and other neighbouring inland towns.

THE question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of New & Wilson & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[Advt.]

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Pudding, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advt.]



## PRINCE ALFRED IN THE "LAND."

ABOUT half past seven on the 8th inst. Her Majesty's steam corvette *Racoon*, under command of Count Gleichen (captain), and having on board his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, anchored off Lerwick, midway between the town and the island of Bressay, having left Kirkwall the same morning at half past six, thus, with only three boilers at work, steaming about eight knots per hour. Shortly after anchoring Count Gleichen and Major Cowell went in search of a few ponies, and made arrangements for having several brought for inspection the following morning, while his royal highness the prince and a few brother officers pulled over to one of the Maryfield parks and enjoyed a game of quoits. The 9th was spent by his royal highness, Count Gleichen, and Major Cowell in selecting a few good specimens of the Shetland pony. The prince purchased two fine black ones. The ponies, six in number, were all shipped by eleven a.m. His royal highness and party then made several purchases of native manufactures in shops, and visited the old Pictish ruin in the Loch of Cliekamin. In the evening the Prince, Count Gleichen, Major Cowell, and party enjoyed themselves pittock fishing along the Bressay shore, and were tolerably successful, though the "Lyrie" was not more ceremonious with the Prince's tackle than with that of less aristocratic fishermen, having carried off his gear twice. It was purposed to leave early on the morning of the 10th, but the weather being hazy the *Racoon's* departure was postponed. A target having been placed upon the Holm of Corioste, some 600 yards distant, and also a smaller one towards the southern entrance, practice firing with a "low charge" from 68 pounders was engaged in, the guns being all well

mid channel and proceed to the southward. The herring fleet of Dutch luggers being in the harbour their crews, seemingly with one voice, saluted his royal highness as he left with three cheers which was duly returned. As the *Racoon* passed the Institute lately erected by the liberality of Mr. A. Anderson, chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, all the scholars were mustered to take up the cheering, which was again renewed as the corvette passed the Nale by several hundred of the Lerwegians assembled to do honour to a good son of a well-loved Queen and royal family. We understand that Sheriff Bell called on board on Thursday, and that Mr. John Walker had the honour of dining on board on Friday. The *Racoon* proceeded to Stromness, to remain a few hours, thence to proceed to Stromness, St. Kilda, &c., reaching Portsmouth by the end of the month.—*Daily Paper*

## SKETCHES IN GERMANY.

## THE MANUFACTURE OF STRAW HATS.

THE manufacture of straw hats is the most ancient of the manufactures in the Black Forest. The centre of this manufacture is at Froberg, a little town situated on the top of the mountain. It is reached by the Kinsich Valley. Two rows of cottages form the principal street, which is terminated on one side by a cascade which falls, in nine successive leaps, in the midst of rocks and firs. Lately the manufacture of Panama and of Leghorn hats has been imported.

## THE VISIT OF NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS TO THE QUEEN.

A PARTY of thirteen New Zealand chiefs and three ladies visited her Majesty at Osborne on Wednesday, her Majesty's yacht *Fairy* conveying them to Osborne from Southampton, where her Majesty's carriages waited to receive them. They were received by the Queen in the most friendly and gracious manner. Many questions of interest were put to the chiefs by her Majesty, and five of them earnestly addressed the Queen on subjects immediately connected with their country. Most feeling and touching reference was made by the chiefs to the late illustrious Prince Consort, which was responded to by the Queen with deep emotion. Several native mutes were laid at her Majesty's feet, in pledge of allegiance and a token of profound respect for her Majesty, and for the kindness she has ever evinced towards their nation. A sumptuous lunch was provided by her Majesty's orders. Photographs were presented by the princesses to the New Zealand ladies. Great excitement prevailed through the household, every one being eager to see and converse with the chieftains and their ladies. Her Majesty expressed a wish to obtain photographs of her visitors, and requested that their autographs should be left with her. The visitors were afterwards conveyed by the *Fairy* on board her Majesty's yacht, the *Victoria* and *Albert*, where they were received by the officers with the greatest respect, and they closely inspected every part of that splendid vessel. The *Fairy* then landed them, and they proceeded to the Star and Garter Hotel, at Portsmouth, where accommodation had been provided for them. They visited the ships in harbour and dockyard on Thursday, and returned to London the same even-



THE STRAW HAT MARKET AT FRIBURG, WURTEMBERG.

laid, many striking the Holm, while one carried away the east support of the target. The officers also practised rifle-shooting at this target, while the crew were being exercised at the target placed to the southward. Shortly after one p.m. the Prince, with two brother officers, rode to the Loch of Tingwall, returning about 6.30 p.m. His royal highness landed fourteen trout, two or three of extra size. At the same time Count Gleichen, Major Cowell, and Mr. Brierly landed at Maryfield, and, in company with Mr. Walker, rode to Noss Island to have a glimpse at the magnificent scenery there. They were fortunate enough to see the far-famed Cradle suspended twixt Noss Island and the Holm, over a chasm of many hundred feet. Of this frightfully grand place Mr. Brierly took a very spirited sketch. Count Gleichen and party practised rifle-shooting among the seawall on the rocks at 200 to 300 yards, making splendid shots invariably, once and twice three birds tumbling over to the Count's rifle. The party returned to the *Racoon* about seven p.m., and shortly afterwards, as the weather was clear and beautifully fine, steam was got up, the vessel cleared of the many visitors who had readily taken advantage of the kind permission granted to all to inspect the handsome and business-like corvette, and everything put in readiness for a start. At 9.15 p.m. all hands were piped up to weigh anchor, his Royal Highness Prince Alfred taking his post on the bow to superintend operations in as sailor-like a manner as any officer in her Majesty's service could, every shackle as it hove in sight being duly reported and a constant eye kept—not upon the many boats that thronged around the vessel, but upon the men engaged in the work. By 9.30 all was clear and "full steam" soon made the *Racoon's* head swing into

The manufacture of these hats is divided into four parts—the preparation of the straw, the manufacture of the ornaments, the putting on the ornaments by means of sewing, and the varnishing of the hats. The best straw is wheat straw. The culture of this straw requires a good deal of care. The wheat is planted on hills exposed to the south; it is pulled up before it is completely ripe. The stalk is broken just below the lowest joint; it is then laid out for some weeks on the ground in order to be thoroughly dried. To bleach it, both sun and dew are employed. The women prepare the ornaments, and they are everywhere seen plaiting straw. This manufacture produces great prosperity in the country.

THE divers who were employed upon the wreck of the Anglo-Saxon have brought up 50,000 dollars worth of cargo, 32,000 dollars worth of specie, and 160 dead bodies.—*Canadian Paper*.

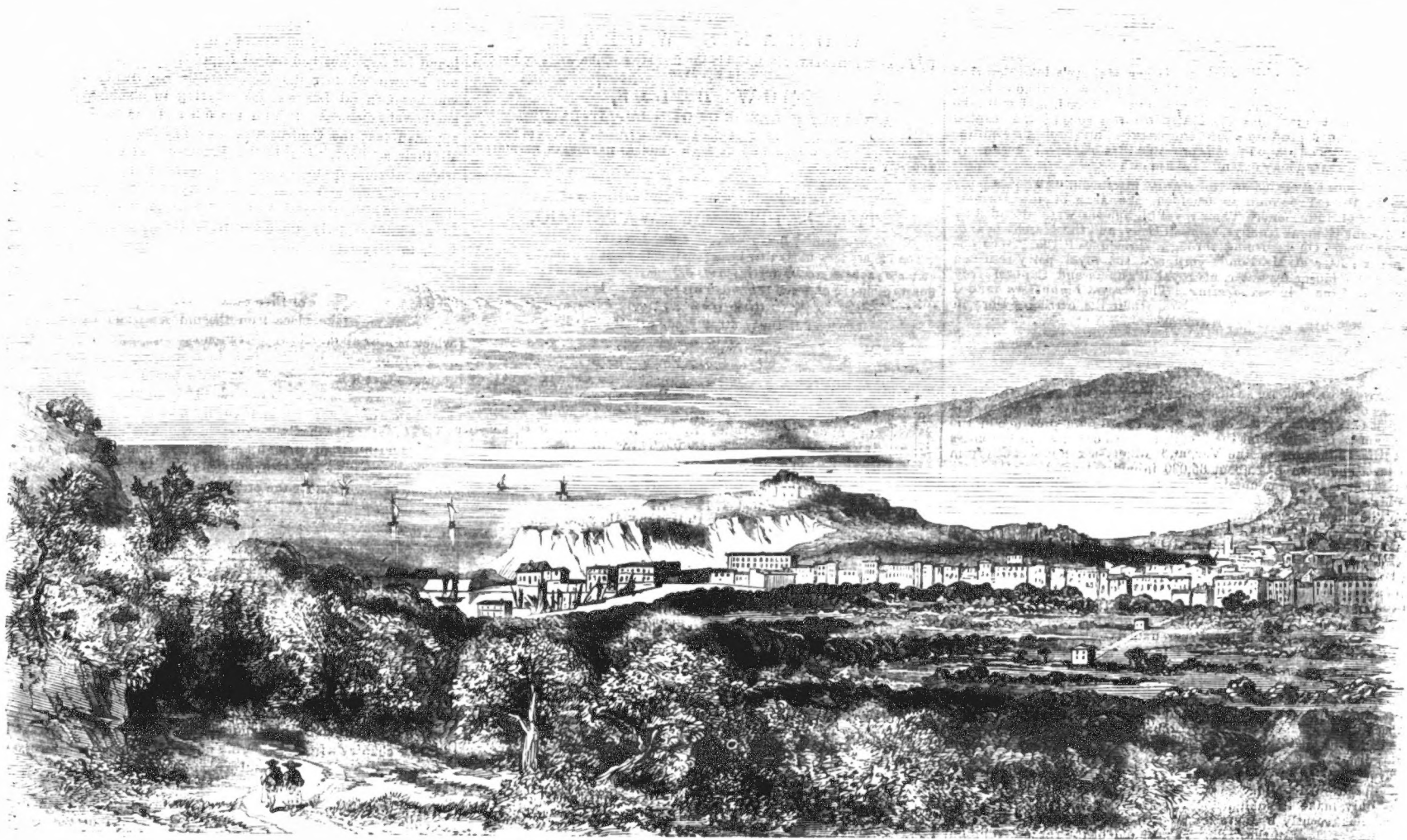
JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.—In the Justice's Court in New Orleans the judge was in a quandary the other day. A coat was in dispute; the parties were Irish, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants. After much wrangling Patrick Power, one of the parties, proposed that he and his opponent, Timothy Maguire, should see whose name was on the coat. Timothy searched in vain, and the coat was handed to Pat, who immediately took his knife, opened a corner of the collar of the coat, and out dropped two small peas. "There, d'ye see that now?" "Yes; but what of that?" said Timothy. "A dale it has to do with it; it is my name to be sure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Power, be jabers!" He got the coat, he did.—*American Paper*.

ing. We understand that the chiefs are under the guardianship of Mr. W. Jenkins, interpreter to the New Zealand Government. He, conjointly with several other gentlemen from New Zealand, has borne the whole of their expenses hitherto. The chiefs are extensive landholders, and in this respect are wealthy, but do not possess any amount of hard cash, not wishing to part with too much of their land at present until they are permitted to dispose of it to better advantage to individual settlers.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

BOTH houses of the legislature of Queensland have protested against the renewal of transportation.

A PARIS correspondent writes:—"The unusual heat of this month has, along with the efforts of the Countess de Castiglione, caused a salutary change in the fashions. Stays, for the present, are thrown aside. Neither does a tight body form any longer an indispensable portion of a lady's dress. It is replaced by a loose one of white muslin or coarse linen worked in imitation of the bodices worn by the peasants of the Romagna. Loose silk jackets are also greatly worn. It is possible that this style of dress will continue a long time in fashion, the doctors of the Empress having advised her Majesty to imitate the style of dress recently adopted by Madame de Castiglione, who, like nearly all her countrywomen, holds pinched waists in aversion, and, whatever mistakes she may make in other matters, has the good sense to believe that stays must produce a red nose or a sallow complexion and glandular swellings in the neck."





GENERAL VIEW OF NICE. (See page 86.)



FRIEBURG SUSPENSION BRIDGE. (See page 86.)



## The Court.

We have reason to believe that it is her Majesty's intention that in the ensuing autumn Prince Alfred shall pass some time in Edinburgh. His royal highness will reside in Holyrood, and will take advantage of the facilities afforded by the residence in that capital of distinguished professors to attend lectures, and by other means complete his education. It is probable that his royal highness's stay in Edinburgh may extend to six months.

The Prince and Princess, on Saturday afternoon, drove in a pony phaeton from Frogmore to Clifden, the seat of the Duchess Dowager of Sutherland. Their royal highnesses were attended by Lieutenant General Knollys, Captain Grey, and the Marchioness of Carmarthen. On returning through Maidenhead the Prince engaged a cutter at Mr. Bond's yard, and the royal party returned thence to Windsor by water, his royal highness and Captain Grey rowing and the Princess steering. Their royal highnesses landed at Albert Bridge, in the Home Park, where the carriages were in waiting to convey them to Frogmore.

## SUMMER TRIPS.

FROM week to week we shall, during the present season, illustrate objects of attraction to tourists. We have here Nice, or Nizza, the ancient Greek *Nikia*, the capital of the Sardinian province of the like name. It is situated on the Mediterranean coast, about ten miles east from the mouth of the Var, and ninety-six miles south from Turin. The town has about 35,000 inhabitants, and is pleasantly situated on a green mountain slope, being bound on the north by the Maritime Alps, and open on the south to the Mediterranean. The citadel of Mont Albano, on a high and pointed rock, overhangs the town, and the Paglion, a mountain torrent, passes it on the west side, separating it from the suburb called *La-croix-dema-bie*. In this suburb the houses are painted externally in fresco, and surrounded with gardens containing orange and lemon trees. The town itself is divided into two parts, distinguished respectively as the Old and New Town. The streets of the former are narrow; but those of the latter are laid out in good style, and there are two handsome squares, one of them surrounded with porticos.

The climate is much celebrated for its mildness, and therefore the resort of thousands of invalids and many visitors, chiefly English. The walks and rides in the neighbourhood of the town are very agreeable; and on one of them the rocky eminence on Fort Montalban, a view is to be had of the country for nearly fifty miles around, from Antibes to Monaco. In very clear weather one can even distinguish the island of Corsica, which is ninety miles distant.

Everything in Switzerland is romantic, and Switzerland is so sublime that even the triumphs of science which vulgarise other countries only make it sublimer. The Suspension Bridge, therefore, which has recently been erected at Friburg only adds to the charm and the grandeur of the scenery, as the eye of the reader from our engraving, can at once detect. Let the reader go and see Friburg for himself.

## TERRIBLE OCCURRENCE IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

ON Saturday, at the Marylebone Police-court, shortly after Mr Mansfield, the presiding magistrate, had taken his seat upon the bench, a man, respectfully dressed, named Michael Lyons, aged forty years, of Bampark, Ballymacallan, near Dundalk, Ireland, National-school teacher, was brought up and placed in the dock, charged with attempts to murder. The persons injured are Mr. Peter M'Lean, proprietor of the Victoria Hotel, Barking-road, Plaistow, Essex; and a corn merchant, Mr. James Worland, also living in the same locality. Prisoner, on being placed in the dock, had a very wild appearance, his hat being smashed in and bespattered with blood. His coat, trousers, waistcoat, hand and face, were also thickly clothed with blood. From what could be gathered of this desperate encounter, it appears the prisoner is a schoolmaster, and very much respected in the part from whence he comes, as letters found upon him would tend to prove. He had left Ballymacallan with his excursion ticket for a month from Ireland to London, his intention having been while staying here to compete for some of the prizes at Burlington House, Piccadilly. He travelled all night, without any symptoms of madness; and, indeed, up to the very moment when the assault was made, no one had the slightest suspicion, either from his movement or manners, but that he had a perfect control over himself and actions. As the 9.15 express train was about to start from Liverpool, the prisoner and the two gentlemen injured entered a second-class carriage, in which had previously got an elderly lady. After the train had started, prisoner, who had a large carpet bag, placed himself close by the window and seemed to be in a very meditative mood for some time. He was shortly afterwards heard to ejaculate something rather incoherently, but almost in a menacing sort of way. Mr. Worland and Mr. M'Lean, who were conversing in a friendly way together, looked towards him (the prisoner), as did also the lady, who was fortunately seated near the window on the opposite side of the carriage to that where the prisoner was sitting. Prisoner again relapsed into a thoughtful sort of mood, and continued so till after the train had passed Bletchley Station, when he jumped up from his seat, and with a large open clasp-knife in his hand rushed at Mr. Worland and stabbed him in the forehead, causing a most frightful wound. He afterwards, as it were twisting the blade round, was in the act of making another "lunge" at Mr. Worland, when Mr. M'Lean gave him (the prisoner) a blow, and knocked him back on to the seat. This seemed to have had the effect of infuriating him more, for he had no sooner recovered himself than he came again to the attack, and with the knife upraised was about to strike another blow at Mr. Worland, when M'Lean seized him by the throat, and clutched the knife in his hand. Here a fearful encounter ensued, and prisoner drew the weapon through M'Lean's hand, cutting some of the fingers to the bone. Worland, who all this time had not been idle, although shockingly wounded and weak from loss of blood, managed to get behind the prisoner and throw him down. The lady in the compartment, after screaming for assistance for some time, fainted away. The struggle that ensued must have been a desperate one, for the prisoner, who was shouting loudly, endeavoured to rise and shake the two gentlemen off, at the same time striking and stabbing both parties. Fortunately the oil lamp in the carriage was alight, and this enabled both Mr. Worland and Mr. M'Lean to secure the knife out of the prisoner's possession and to keep him down till they arrived at Camden-town station, where, on the ticket collector going in for tickets, he was horrified at what he saw. The side seats, windows, and floor of the carriage were bespattered with blood and finger marks. The two gentlemen and prisoner were also covered with blood. Prisoner was at once conveyed to the station, where he made a statement to the effect that he believed the two gentlemen who were with him were thieves and intended to rob him. He saw them talking to one another, and making motions towards him, and he thought he could do better than defend himself. Prisoner was removed handcuffed to be taken to Bletchley.

SIR COLMAN O'LOUGHLIN, Q.C., has addressed the electors of the county Clare, as a candidate for the seat rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Calcott.

## THE NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE

ENTITLED

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## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK

D.	M.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.	L. E.	P. M.
25	S	St. James	8 0	8 33	
26	S	8th Sunday after Trinity	9 10	9 47	
27	M	Sun rises 4th. 17m. Sets, 7h. 55m.	10 26	11 6	
28	T	Cowley died, 1667	11 45	12 0	
29	W	Wilberforce died, 1833	0 18	0 49	
30	T	Gray died, 1771	118	1 46	
31	F	Richard Savage died, 1743	2 11	2 36	

MOON'S CHARGES.—30, Full Moon, 1h. 33m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. 1 Kings 13; John 14. EVENING. 1 Kings 17; Titus 1.

## NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

INJURED ONE.—You could obtain a divorce on the grounds you describe. The cost would be about £50 in the hands of a respectable solicitor. See answer to G. L. L.

A SHY YOUTH.—Your shyness arises entirely from the want of mixing in ladies' society, because you are not diffident with persons of your own sex. You must therefore court the society of the fair sex as much as possible, and that shyness will soon wear off.

G. L. L.—Apply to Mr. William Eaden, 14, Gray's Inn Square. In reference to your emigration question, you must apply to Mr. S. Walcott, No. 8, Park-street, Westminster.

T. C.—Candidates for clerkships in the India Office must be between eighteen and twenty-five years of age. The examination consists of exercises designed to test the handwriting and orthography, arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions), precise-writing (making condensations or abstracts of letters and documents), geography, history of England (or India, at option), and Latin (or one modern foreign language, at option).

H. G. F.—A salary of £60 a year is little enough to marry upon if your intended wife has no income of her own. But if your salary be a certainty and you are both of frugal habits, there is no great reason why you should not consult your happiness by means of marriage.

OTTO PLAWALLA.—Your indentures are perfectly valid; and it would be very wrong, foolish, and dangerous for you to abscond from your master's service. Your handwriting is not good enough for a clerk's situation.

JUK.—No such examination is necessary. In respect to apprentices to the sea-service, it is required that a counter-part of the indentures of such apprentices turned over to the sea-service shall be attested by the collector at the port where such apprentices shall be bound or trained over, and also by the constable or other officer bringing such apprentice.

W.—The title was good without the signature of the eldest son; and, even were it otherwise, the fact of twenty years' undisturbed possession would frustrate all law proceedings, an Act having been passed in William the Fourth's time to meet such cases. We should say that the security you propose is unexceptionable, and that if you were to advertise in the *Times* you would soon obtain what you require.

UN ANGLAIS.—Semaine is a "week" in French; huitjours means "eight days." The French *quinzaine*, or "fifteen days" can scarcely be translated into a "fortnight." The French *luna* is to express half a month.

G. S. O.—Declined, with many thanks.

GILIELMUS.—Try Watts's "Logic," which you can procure for a couple of shillings at any second-hand bookseller's.

RICHARD D. (Birkenhead).—We believe that you can be compelled to pay the two months' rent; but as you do not state the precise terms of agreement, we cannot answer you positively.

BUTLER.—We know of no means by which you can make your invention public, save by inducing some one with money to take it up. Advise in the *Times*.

A. S. (Aberdeen).—Alexander III. of Scotland died by a fall from his horse. He married Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England; and their daughter Margaret married Eric, son of the King of Norway; the fruit of this union being Margaret, called the "Maid of Norway." After the death of Alexander III., the maid was proclaimed queen; but she died on her way from Norway to Scotland; and an interregnum followed, caused by the rival pretensions of Baliol and Bruce and the arbitration of Edward I. of England. "Comyn" was a great name in those times.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Birmingham).—The marriage is perfect valid and binding.

## THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No portion of modern history has repeated itself so often or so completely as that of the American war. The tide of battle returns at almost regular intervals to the same ground, with results so similar in the tale of slaughter, with so little visible effect on the main issues, that even fresh events scarcely recede the blood-stained chronicle from a mournful kind of monotony. Two battles on the field of Bull Run, two battles before Fredericksburg, are the repetitions of incidents in four disastrous attempts by the Northern States to invade the South. On the other hand, the second advance of the Southern army into Maryland and Pennsylvania seems to have brought with it nearly the same results as the first. The three days' fighting at Gettysburg ended like those of Antietam. A hurried march northward of the Federal army to protect Washington, an obstinate conflict closed by a drawn battle, and a deliberate retreat of the Confederates into Virginia, make the second Southern incursion a close counterpart of its predecessor. The similarity extends even to the details of the two operations. The indecisive battle of Antietam was not renewed, and General Lee withdrew the whole of his force in good order during the night, while the Federals

could not pursue it with any effect. Precisely the same incidents have occurred again as the result of the battle of Gettysburg. The action terminated by the close of the night on the 3rd of July, was not renewed, and on the morning of the 4th General Meade found his opponent had retired from his position. At first it was not known whether the Confederates had really retreated, or whether General Lee was manoeuvring to obtain a position for another engagement. But on the 5th and the following days it appeared that the Confederates were retiring in good order, with all their artillery, towards the Potomac. The Federal cavalry, which attempted to harass the rear of the retiring army, was repulsed, and suffered severely in the attack. The line on which General Lee withdrew is the road that leads in a south-westerly direction from Gettysburg, through Fairfield, to Hagerstown and Williamsport, where the Confederates command the passage of the Potomac. The road approaches the head of the Antietam river, and, as General Meade's head-quarters were on the 9th west of Frederick city, it is possible another engagement may take place "on the old Antietam battle-ground," which is now about midway between the two armies. The Potomac is said to have risen several feet, in consequence of recent heavy rains, so that it is "impossible to throw pontoon bridges across it," while the water is too deep to ford. It is on this supposition that the chance of another battle is chiefly founded. But there is also a belief that if Lee has concentrated the whole of his forces his army is "still strong enough for mischief," and an enemy in that condition must be attacked with caution. In the meantime, the fortune of war sides for the present with the Federals. Vicksburg, with all its garrison, &c., has surrendered to General Grant, and General Pemberton, the Confederate commandant, is a prisoner of war.

The National Rifle Association has put to shame the Horse Guards, the War-office, or whatever other mysterious entity it is that takes our money for insurance and then tells us to provide our own fire-engines. The three, four, or five hundred citizen soldiers encamped at Wimbledon, and the thousands who have resorted thither since the opening of the lists to prove their skill with the Whitworth or the Enfield, are volunteers in the fullest sense of the word. Not only have they not been drawn in conscription—they have taken no bounty, and will claim no wages. They make to their country a freewill offering of the time and labour necessary to acquire the marvellous skill which many of them possess, and the practical proficiency common to them all. To spend ten or twelve days in succession under canvas or a-field argues a degree of affluence which may derogate from the worth of the sacrifice. It is also no doubt true that the men who are rich enough to do this find in it an enjoyment that drowns the sense of duty. But is it not well that men rich enough to live as they like, and to make pleasure the occupation of their time, prefer a healthy and useful pursuit to frivolous and vicious indulgences? Until war has altogether ceased from among the nations—until we have a Government that can be trusted—neither to engage us in needless conflict, nor to scatter our navy over the world—it will be to the wisdom of Englishmen to constitute their own army of defence. An eminent New England orator warned the young men of his State, shortly before his decease, that they might at any moment have cause to regret their neglect of arms and drill. He was a fervid advocate of peace, but foresaw the conflict that has broken out—and foresaw the disadvantage that the men of New England would experience in engagements with the habitual tirailleurs of the South. It is happily almost impossible that our countrymen should ever need to use the weapon with which they have so rapidly become expert. But since we must have defences, let us encourage that defensive training which the National Rifle Association so effectually promotes. The progress made by its pupils is truly marvellous. This is the fourth of its annual exhibitions—or competitive examinations. The names of Ross, Jopling, Pixley, and Roberts, the men who have carried off the highest prizes—represent an extraordinary development of skill. The achievement which made the young Scotchman famous is now nothing thought of. The renown of Jopling was eclipsed by the brighter lustre of Pixley's performance. And now Roberts has excited comparatively little astonishment by a similar success. The winner of the Queen's Prize is not like the winner of the Derby. He does not simply beat his competitors on the race-course run by his predecessors. He hits the bull's-eye on a target which they struck on the centre or on the outer ring. So through all the gradations of success. Men who were proud of their shots last year must shoot much better this year, or find themselves nowhere. To hit the target sixteen times at a thousand yards distant was the achievement of two men in the grand competition this year; and the victor beat the second best man by only one additional score on trials at eight hundred, nine hundred, and a thousand yards. The degree of proficiency thus indicated is something frightful to contemplate. To be able to hit a mark scarcely visible to the naked eye is to hold the life of a hundred invaders in one's hands. Seeing how these Wimbledon heroes take their shots—on their knees, on their backs, coiled up like serpents, or latent like grasshoppers—we can desire nothing better for the country, in the event of the long-menaced invasion, than that they should be within a mile of the unhappy foreigners impelled to set hostile foot upon these uneven shores.

HOW THEY DEAL WITH DRUNKARDS IN NEW ZEALAND.—In the *Lyttelton Times*, published in the province of Canterbury, in the above colony, we find the following advertisement:—"Notice to the Public.—Whereas it has this day been proved to the satisfaction of us, the undersigned, being three of her Majesty's justices of the peace, that one Mary Ann Robertson, of Christchurch, who is described at the foot of this notice, has become an habitual drunkard, and is injuring her health by excessive drinking, we hereby, under the provisions of the thirty-third clause of the 'Public-House Ordinance, 1862,' give notice that we prohibit all persons from supplying the said Mary Ann Robertson with any spirituous or fermented liquor whatever for the space of two years from the date hereof." This warning is enforced by the threat of a fine of £20, or three months' imprisonment.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 1, Ludgate-hill. [Advt.]



## DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

THE ceremony of distributing the prizes won at the Wimbledon meeting to the successful competitors was performed on Monday at the Crystal Palace by his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, in presence of a large and influential assembly.

His royal highness arrived shortly after three o'clock, and was received with presented arms by the volunteer guard of honour drawn up immediately beneath and at the approaches to the dais. The members of the council and the candidates for honours were already in waiting, so that the work of distribution proceeded without delay. Lord Elio called over the names of the successful competitors, adding, as each mounted the steps, a few words of explanation relative to the prize and the circumstances under which it had been won. Necessarily, this was to a great extent a recapitulation of points with which the public are familiar, but there were some incidental features of interest and novelty.

A rifle, mounted with silver, and not included in the list of prizes won at Wimbledon, was presented to Captain E. Ross, Cambridge University. This weapon had been purchased with a sum of 150*l.*, subscribed by the Australian colonists, on hearing of his original success. Captain Horatio Ross, father of Captain E. Ross, appeared not long afterwards to receive one of the extra prizes, and, being very warmly greeted, Lord Elio told the assembly they would have constant opportunities of seeing this gentleman, and one of his four sons, all experts with the rifle. Of one, Mr. Ross, of the Bengal Civil Service, it was mentioned that during the mutiny, with the assistance of about one hundred natives, he had kept an entire army at bay, and prevented it from crossing a river. Lieutenant Harris, 20th Regiment, whose name had been a household word in camp, received two prizes, and had they been ten would have carried them off with the same good wishes on the part of every one acquainted with his indefatigable exertions. Sergeant Martin Smith, of the Victorias, having received one of the small-bore prizes from the hand of the Commander-in-Chief, had to double round as quickly as possible, after the manner of stage processions, to present himself as the recipient of the next prize, value 400*l.*, given by the Prince of Wales. The Master of Lovat reappeared frequently, and representatives of Cambridge University also came upon the dais more than once; but Oxford, unfortunately, had no corresponding share in the honours. Lord Elio, in introducing the winner of Mr. Mont Storm's prize, stated that this was given under peculiar conditions; to military men especially it had been one of the most interesting and important contests at Wimbledon. A breech-loading rifle, on Mr. Mont Storm's principle, was placed in the hands of competitors, who were each only allowed two minutes to fire at the target, making as large a score as possible in that time. The winner, Ensign Starkie, of the Queen's Westminsters, fired eleven shots within the prescribed interval, and made thirty-four points—that is to say, an average of centres every shot, and one bull's-eye into the bargain! Ensign Deane, of the London Rifle Brigade, who gained the second prize, was only two points behind. The next prize of magnitude was that given in honour of the Princess Alexandra, and called by her name. As the winner, Private Mackenzie, of the London Scottish, a stalwart Highlander with a patriarchal beard, advanced to receive it, the band of the London Rifle Brigade, which was stationed in the vicinity of the grand organ, played the Danish National Anthem, and there was a burst of cheering on the part of the spectators. Captain Heaton, one of the wonderful shots developed by the rifle movement, next received the Association Cup, for which he had made the high score of eighty, the maximum being eighty-four. The representative eight of Eton then marched up to receive the Ashburton Shield, which they had won in the match with the public schools, and carried it off joyfully, but still in solemn procession. The next ceremony of interest was the public declaration of the result of the International Match. Lord Elio was sorry to say that Scotland had waited for "the third time of asking," and, pending the completion of the shield, the losers were compelled to present the winners with miniature duplicates in silver of the prize. Lord Bury and the other members of the English eight, as they advanced to receive these, were cordially cheered by both volunteers and the public. The "Consolation" Prizes, subscribed by the ladies of England, at the suggestion of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, for competition by those volunteers who had not been successful in any other contest at Wimbledon, were next awarded; after which the House of Lords' prizes—which acquired so much popularity, and were acknowledged yesterday to be solely due to the efforts of Lord Dunc—were distributed. Colonel the Hon. C. H. Lindsay, in placing in the hands of the commander-in-chief the St. George's Vase, annually offered for competition to the volunteer battalions of England, explained the principles on which that contest was carried out, and stated that whereas it had last year been instrumental in adding 95*l.* to the resources of the Association, he was now prepared to hand over 105 "dragon" sovereigns to the treasurer. The winners in the first stage of the Queen's Prize flowed over the platform in a continuous stream to receive the Association badges and bank-notes to which they were entitled—the Whitworth rifles they already possessed. Finally, there appeared Sergeant Roberts, of the 12th Salop, the volunteer whose name will be most prominently associated with the meeting of 1863. In his honour, the band played "See the conquering hero come," and when he had been put in possession of 250*l.* and the gold medal of the Association, the muster roll of fame was exhausted for this occasion. The competitive examination had closed, the prizes had been awarded, and the Wimbledon academy was about to disperse.

Before the proceedings terminated, however, Captain Horatio Ross, chief of the Scottish eight, proposed a cordial vote of thanks to his royal highness the Commander-in-Chief for his kindness in presiding and taking part in the ceremony that day, and for the countenance and support which on all occasions he had extended to the objects and operations of the National Rifle Association and to the volunteer movement generally.

Lord Buxy, captain of the English eight, seconded the proposition of his gallant rival, and cordially acknowledged the obligations of the volunteer force to the Commander-in-Chief, without whose countenance, and the cordial co-operation of the army under his command, volunteers could never reach the position at which he hoped they were last arriving—of a valuable auxiliary to the regular forces. As his royal highness could not put the question, he called on the assembly to adopt it with three cordial cheers.

The desired sanction having been enthusiastically accorded, The Duke of Cambridge, in acknowledging the compliment, said his task that day, though a remarkably light one, had been most gratifying. There could be no more pleasing duty than to present prizes which, like these, had been ably won. At their last anniversary it might be recollected that his noble friend the Prime Minister came down and took part in the ceremony. He was not able to be with them that day, but no assurance was needed on his part that the sympathies of his noble friend were entirely with this excellent association. The intimate knowledge of its working possessed by Lord Elio had enabled him to bring so admirably before the assembly all the striking points connected with the late meeting that it was unnecessary for him to touch on that subject further than to congratulate the council most heartily on the entire success of their arrangements. Among the gentlemen to whom he had that day distributed prizes he observed many faces which he remembered from former occasions. He rejoiced at their success, and at the perseverance with which they adhered to the practice of the rifle. But he felt bound to say that he should like to see an enlarged number of prizes, distributed over a greater area. By all means let the best shot get the first prize, but, if possible, let the number of

recipients be multiplied. He was quite aware of the difficulties which lay in the path of an alteration such as he proposed, but he knew that the council never shrank from looking difficulties in the face, and hoped they would be able to arrive at a satisfactory solution of this point, which had occurred to him very strongly in the course of the day's proceedings. He had been delighted at witnessing the representation of the public schools by the young gentlemen from Eton. From his lengthened association with Windsor, he had acquired a great respect and admiration for Eton, and consequently he rejoiced at the success of that school on the present occasion.

At the close of these observations, which were most warmly applauded, his royal highness withdrew.

## EXTRAORDINARY MATRIMONIAL DISCLOSURES.

IN the Divorce Court has recently been heard a case, *Scott v. Scott*, being a petition by a husband for a restitution of conjugal rights. The respondent charged the petitioner with cruelty, and prayed for a judicial separation.

Mr. Karslake, Q.C., and Mr. Shaw appeared for the petitioner; the Queen's Advocate and Dr. Spinks for the respondent.

The respondent's case was taken first, as she had to establish the affirmative of the issue of cruelty. The petitioner, John Sowden Scott, was formerly a captain in her Majesty's service, and he married the respondent, then Theresa Ann Morris, in July, 1844, at Bath, where she was living with her mother. Her age was about twenty-seven, and she had 4,000*l.* and was also entitled to 6,000*l.* upon her mother's death. These two sums were settled upon her to her separate use, then upon her husband for life if he survived her, and then upon their children. Captain Scott also settled upon her 200*l.* a year, to which he was entitled upon his mother's death, to be paid to her after his death. There have been three children of the marriage, but all of them have died. In 1845, in consequence of the death of a brother, the mother of the respondent came into possession of a fortune of 40,000*l.* and she afterwards allowed the respondent 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year. In 1847 Captain Scott sold his commission. He has a little Irish property, which was said to produce about 150*l.* a year. Mrs. Scott was examined and cross-examined at considerable length. It appeared from her statement that before the marriage there had been a difficulty about the settlements, and that after the marriage there were frequent quarrels about money matters, arising generally from Captain Scott's desire to get possession of money given her by her mother, or belonging to her under the settlement. In 1853, while they were living at Weymouth, her mother had sent her 50*l.*, and he wished her to write and ask for 60*l.* more. On her refusal he said he would fetch a loaded pistol and would shoot first one of her children and then the other before her eyes, and finish by shooting her. In 1855 they went to the Hebrides, and afterwards he took some shooting in the island of Lewis. On one occasion, while they were there he had beaten one of the children with the child's own walking stick so violently that the child had fainted in her arms. While they were staying in Scotland in 1856 they had a quarrel about taking some shootings, and he struck her a heavy blow with a very thick stick which produced a painful swelling in her leg. In the autumn of 1858 they were at Stronathian, in Argyshire, where Captain Scott had taken a house, and had several gentlemen lodging and boarding with him. He had there sworn at her and abused her on several occasions. In October she received her mother's allowance, and she handed it all to him except 4*l.*, and explained how she had expended that sum. He called her a base, abandoned wretch, swore at her, and twisted a lock of her neck until the velvet round her throat was broken, and she escaped from the room. On the 22nd of October, Captain Greenwood came to the house. He was mad, and had been in St. Luke's Asylum, and had a keeper with him. Mr. Scott insisted that the keeper should dine with them, much to her annoyance. On the 18th of December she left Stronathian in consequence of the shootings being let to Lord Fort, and, after staying at few months at Edinburgh, joined her mother at Bath. In November, 1859, she rejoined Mr. Scott in London. In May, 1861, she was living with him in Craven-street, Westbourne-terrace. He was very little with her, but always at his club or at the City. He refused to walk out with her, saying that if he did he should be taken for a nobleman and she for his mistress. On one occasion he rushed at her because he objected to her looking out of the window, and struck her in the face with his fist and made her mouth bleed. Her face was marked the next day and her nose was swollen. In July he went to Scotland, taking all the money with him but 10*l.*, and said she might get money where she could and be—to her. She spent the rest of 1861 with her mother, and refused to return to cohabitation with Mr. Scott. At an interview at which her mother was present her husband put his hand on her head and solemnly cursed her. Her mother said they had better separate, and he said he would separate and would have nothing to do with her. On the 15th of May, upon her refusal to go with him to Scotland, he threatened to have her forced from the boarding-house without a particle of clothing at dead of night, to have her taken by the railway to London, and carried to the Tower stairs, and put on board a boat and taken to Scotland, where he would have full time to wreak his deadly vengeance on her. He sent for a blacksmith to take the bolt off her door, and she sent for her mother. He shook his fist in her face and swore at her and her mother, and stormed about until her mother sent for a magistrate, and she asked him to protect her from that dreadful man. She stayed at the boarding-house until the 14th of June, and then she could endure it no longer, and went to her mother. He had since promised amendment, and entreated her to return, but she had refused.

In support of Mrs. Scott's statement the deposition of her mother, who was too unwell to attend, was read; and Ann Morse, who had been her lady's maid since 1861, was examined. An attorney was also called, who had been present at negotiations which had taken place about money matters and the custody of the children some years ago between Mr. Scott, and Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Morris. He stated that Mr. Scott objected to placing one of the children under Mrs. Morris's control because she was a woman of no religion, and he had abandoned all hope of her salvation.

Captain Scott was examined, and gave an account of his first acquaintance with his wife, his offer of marriage, his disputes with her mother after the settlement, and her refusal to give him up. After the marriage there were several disagreements between him and Mrs. Morris, and at that time he had been called out by a friend and brother officer in consequence of something said by Mrs. Morris. His reason for selling out in 1847 was that his wife was expensive in her dress, and travelled about with seven band-boxes, seven bonnet-boxes, a proportionate quantity of luggage, and a lady's maid, and a nursery maid, and as the regiment changed its quarters five or six times a year he could not afford the expense. He vowed most solemnly that he had never threatened to shoot his wife or children, and said that at the time when the threat was supposed to have been made he had no pistol in his possession. For several years they had lived on most affectionate and friendly terms; he had kept a riding-horse and a pheasant for her, and his expenses were from £900 to £1,000 a year. He objected to let his child stay with Mrs. Morris, because she had always set the children against him. While they were staying in the island of Lewis he had reproved his little boy, then ten years old, for some trifling matter. The child gave him an imperious answer, and he boxed his ears. The child having been taught by his mother and grandmother to look upon him as nobody, was astonished at this presumption, and gave him a good kick on the shin. He took a little swifter (about double the length of a quill pen and not larger than) from the boy's hands, and threw him across his knee and hit him with it as hard as he could. The child roared,

belled, and kicked, and was in a terrible passion, but he did not faint. He positively denied that he had ever struck his wife in his life, or sworn at, or threatened her or her mother, or shaken his fists in their faces. In 1861 they were living in Craven-place. All the world knew that she dressed in an outrageous way, set his tastes and wishes entirely at defiance, and rubbed her face over with a kind of red powder, so that she was the talk wherever she went, and the observed of all observers. (Mrs. Scott, in her cross-examination, had positively denied the imputations of dressing extravagantly and using "red powder.") He had remonstrated with her about making her face so remarkable, and said he did not like walking with her, for people would take him for a man about town, and would take her for his woman. She was very fond of looking out of window, and watching an opposite neighbour, a lady who had once figured before this court and was celebrated in London, and was frequently visited by gentlemen. He had remonstrated with her, and one day, when she refused to leave the window, he took her by the wrists, and with gentle force pulled her to the sofa. She was then suffering from face-ache and swollen gums, but he certainly did not strike her.

The jury, after hearing evidence corroborative of the captain's statement, and deliberating for about half an hour, found that Captain Scott had not been guilty of legal cruelty.

Verdict for the petitioner.

## THE ROUPPEL FORGERIES.

AT the Chelmsford assizes, an action has been tried before Mr. Baron Channell and a special jury, Roupell and another v. Haws and another, to recover by writ of ejectment an estate at Great Worley, to which the plaintiff claimed to be entitled as heir-at-law of the late Mr. Roupell.

The defendants pleaded that they were legally in possession of the estate in question under a conveyance by William Roupell (ex-M.P. for Lambeth), the illegitimate son of the deceased, to whom it had passed by deed of gift from his father, and the important question involved in the case was whether this deed of gift was forged, or a genuine instrument; the case on the part of the plaintiffs being that William Roupell had forged this deed, and also a will, by means of which he came into possession of the whole of his father's property. This he has since parted with, and the object of the present and other actions that are pending is to recover back the estates from the parties who had purchased them, on the ground that William Roupell, who, at the present time is under sentence of penal servitude for life, became possessed of the property by forgery and fraud, and consequently, had no legal title to convey it away. An action of a similar kind, it will be recollected, was disposed of at the last summer assizes at Guildford, but upon that occasion the defendant contented to compromise the matter, and agreed to pay the plaintiff half the estimated value of the estate that was the subject of the action. It is understood, however, that the defendants in the present action are determined not to come to any terms, but to take the opinion of a jury whether William Roupell is truly charging himself with forgery and fraud, or whether it is not merely a contrivance to regain possession of his late father's property for the benefit of the family, and this is the important question involved in the present proceeding.

Serjeant Shee, Mr. Lush, Q.C. Mr. J. Browne, and the Hon. Mr. Tesiger, appeared for the plaintiff; Mr. Bovill, Q.C., Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., and Mr. Garth were counsel for the defendants.

William Roupell, the convict, was examined, and his appearance created a good deal of sensation in the court. He was not dressed in the prison garb, but the large beard and moustache he exhibited on the last occasion when he was examined, had been removed. He gave his evidence with the utmost coolness and self-possession. He entered into a detail of the particulars, the result being an admission by him that he had forged the deed of gift of the property, and had also falsified all the other particulars connected with the property, his object being to raise the £12,000 that was due to the London and Westminster Bank. He said that Mr. Whittaker was not acquainted with his father, and when he asked him to prepare the deed of conveyance Mr. Whittaker wished to have his authority, and he induced his sister to write a letter to him authorising him to prepare the deed of conveyance, and he forged his father's name to this letter, and he knew nothing whatever about it. Having done this, he handed the letter to Mr. Whittaker, and upon the belief that it was genuine the conveyance of the property was prepared, and the witness instructed him to raise money upon the property; he did not mention any amount, but wished to have as much as he could get.

On Friday, Mr. Roupell was briefly cross-examined by Mr. Bovill. He said he had already taken God to witness that the will he now said was forged was genuine. He swore to the fact before the surrogate. By so doing he committed perjury. His object now was to do justice. He wished the jury to believe that he stole his father's will, that he burned it; that he forged a fresh one; that he forged a deed of gift; that he also forged leases—forged the names of the tenants—and that "practically" he cheated the defendants out of £12,000. He also would admit that he had "robbed" his father of £10,000 in cash, and that he had cheated his family, and now wished to get the property back. He had not exactly "cheated" his mother of some marine assurance shares, but he fraudulently disposed of them, and kept the money.

Baron Channell: What is the difference between that and cheating her out of them? (A laugh.)

Witness: I admit there is only a difference in words. I came here from Pentonville Prison, where I am under sentence of penal servitude for life, for forgery.

Mr. Bovill: Is that the prison dress you have on?

Mr. Roupell: It is not.

Mr. Bovill: Then you admit you have cheated your family; and it is not a fact that by means of the proceedings you have mentioned you have obtained more than 200,000*l.*?

Witness: I admit that this has been the effect of my conduct, but I did not intend to do as I have done originally.

Mr. Bovill: Why did you do it, then?

Mr. Roupell: I did it to escape a very great difficulty.

Mr. Bovill: And you committed perjury, I suppose, with the same object?

Mr. Roupell (coolly): Yes.

In answer to further questions,

Mr. Roupell said that since he had been confined in Pentonville Prison he had occasionally been in communication with Messrs. Linklater, the solicitors to the plaintiff, and he had also seen the latter occasionally.

Mr. Bovill then addressed Mr. Roupell, and, in an indignant tone, said: You may go back to the place from whence you came—I have nothing more to say to you.

Mr. Roupell then left the court hastily, accompanied by the warders of the gaol.

After him came two of the attesting witnesses (Truman and Dove) to the deed of gift, who swore that having confidence in William Roupell they signed the deed without seeing either the elder Roupell sign it or knowing that his signature was to it.

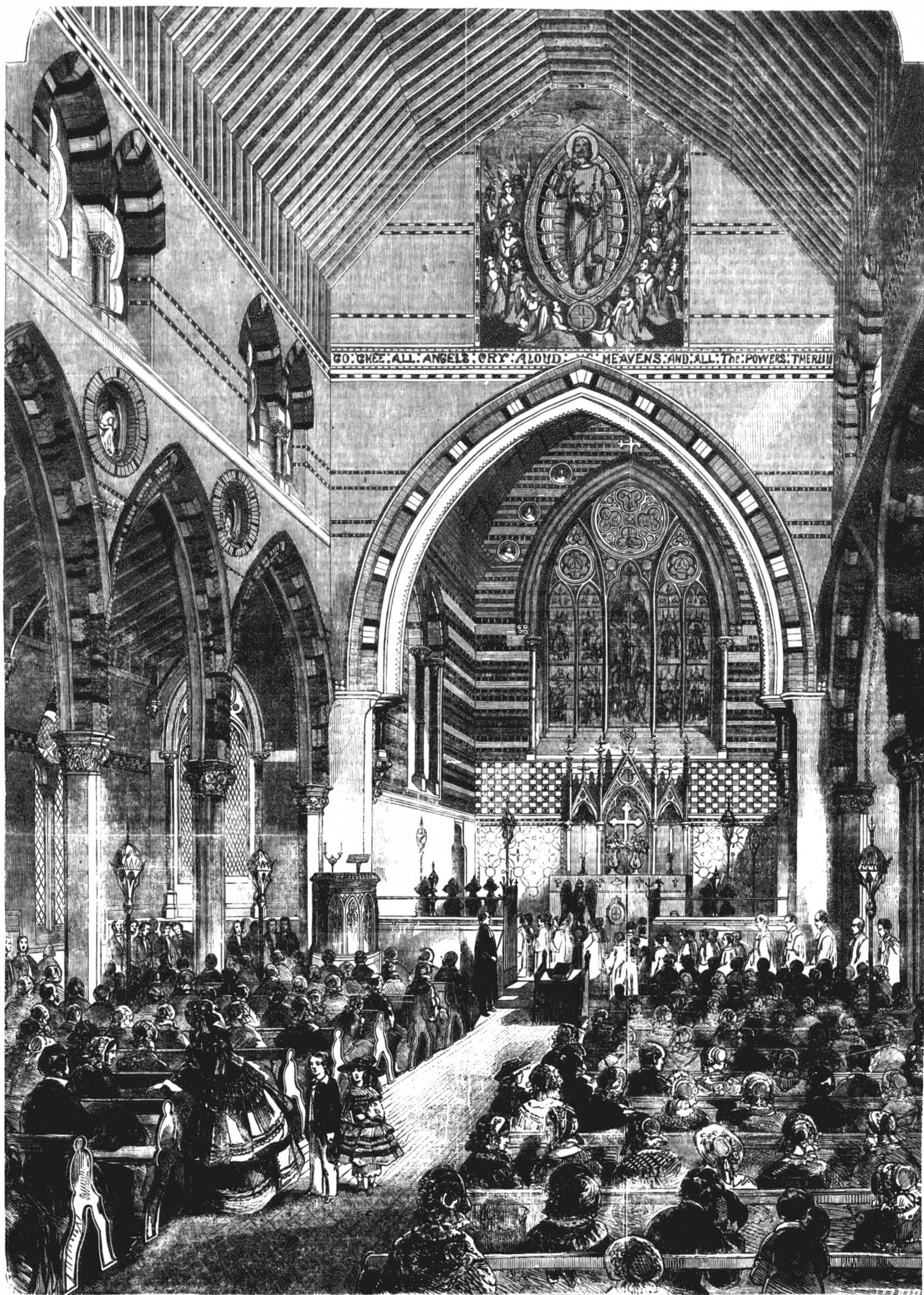
The case of the Roupell forgeries was again before the court at the Chelmsford assizes on Monday. Nearly the whole of the day was occupied in the examination and identification of handwriting, the witnesses confirming the plea of the purchasers with regard to the forgery of one or other of the deeds. One or two of the witnesses, however, expressed their opinion that the signature to the deed of gift was genuine, and some got confused, and threw doubts on genuine and forged signatures alike. The case for the prosecution closed on Monday.





THE GRAND REVIEW AT AIDERSHOTT BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES. (See page 83.)





ALL SAINTS CHURCH, BOYS' HILL, MAIDENHEAD. (See page 90.)



## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—On Saturday evening, Mdlla. Pauline Lucca, of the Royal Opera, Berlin, made her first appearance before an English audience in the character of Valentina in the "Huguenots." This lady's name was announced in the prospectus of the season, and it is to be regretted that she has not appeared till almost the eve of its termination; for of all the debuts that have been made during the season at this theatre, this is by far the most interesting. Mdlla. Lucca is very handsome and evidently very young; below the stature generally deemed requisite for the tragic stage, but of that noble and striking aspect which made "Garrick six feet high," with a voice of power and volume sufficient for the expression of every variety of passion and emotion. As a musician she is of the best school, and young as she is her talents as an actress are highly cultivated. With such gifts and acquirements she has already gained a great reputation in Germany, and we can easily believe what we have heard, that she stands very high in the opinion of Meyerbeer. Her debut on Saturday was attended with brilliant success. Her beauty and distinguished air made an instant impression on the audience; and from the first scene to the last her impersonation of the lofty and impassioned heroine of Meyerbeer's grandest lyrical tragedy was full of truth and pathos. At the end of the great duet with Marcel, at the end of the terrible scene with Raoul in the third act, at the end of the opera, she was called before the curtain with acclamations from all parts of the house. Mario, who was in full possession of his vocal powers, gave the effect to the character of Raoul which he alone can give. Formes Marcel was rough and vigorous as usual; and the part of St. Bris, the stern chief of the conspirators, has never been in better hands than those of M. Faure. Mdlla. Battu, as the Queen of Navarre, sang her air, "O vago suol della Turrena," very prettily; and Madame Didée, as the Page, warbled "Nobil Signor" with much grace and archness. The opera, as a whole, was given with the completeness and splendour usual at this theatre, and was one of the finest entertainments of the season.

**HAYMARKET.**—Mr. Backstone brought his long and successful season to a close with the following address:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—As this is the last night of a season of five years, comprising 1,473 nights, being the second of the same duration under my management, when this theatre has never been closed on any one occasion, except by order of the Lord Chamberlain, I feel it a duty I owe to you to say a few words relative to the past and concerning the future, before I make my bow until next September. I have now, ladies and gentlemen, been the sole lessee and manager of this theatre for more than ten years; I say sole lessee and manager, because it has sometimes been reported that others were connected with me; but such is not the case, for during the whole term of my lease I have stood alone, and whatever may have been the faults or merits of the direction, they belong entirely to myself, as also all the losses, risks, and, I am happy to say, the profits, while never at any time have I known what it is to have, as it is termed, a 'backer,' that is to say, some one behind me; my only backer has been the public, before me, and well has the public performed that friendly office. You will be happy to hear that, with some fluctuations, which belong to every enterprise, that my ten years' management has been most successful, the last half of that term particularly so, while the great Exhibition year brought me an unparalleled tide of prosperity, although it is but right to allow that much of that prosperity was due to my Lord Dundreary (Mr. Sothorn), whose extraordinary performance was the talk of all London for more than twelve months, and filled this theatre nightly during that time, by the representation of that one character. I am happy to inform you, ladies and gentlemen, that Mr. Sothorn is meeting with the same great success in the provinces, is in excellent health and spirits, and that he will reappear here on the 26th of December next, and shortly after hopes to have the pleasure of introducing you to his 'brother' Ham." Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigau will commence my next season in September, when the performance of the Countess of Gifford's successful comedy of "Finesse" will, for a short time, be resumed. You will also be pleased to know that Mr. G. Matthews, after a long absence, will return to the London stage. I have a new comedy to introduce both himself and Mrs. Matthews, and which I have every reason to hope will run till Christmas. We shall still, ladies and gentlemen, adhere to those performances which have been the speciality of this house from the time of Foote—English comedy and farce, with an occasional burlesque or pantomime at Christmas. Our vocation here is to make you laugh; we do not pretend to terrify, or to astonish, or to make you weep. 'Laughter holding both his sides' is our motto, and a very good one too. I read the other day, in a little periodical called 'The Key,' that 'no exercise is equal to laughing. Ten hearty laughs—real shouts—will do more to advance the general health and vitality than an hour spent in the best attitudes, if done in a sober and solemn spirit.' Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you wish for health and long life, come to the Haymarket as often as you can. If but ten hearty laughs will do so much good, what will thirty or forty do? And these I can safely promise you here, in the course of any evening. And now, ladies and gentlemen, for myself and company, I return you many thanks for your kindness and patronage on all occasions, and, until next September, respectfully bid you farewell."

**STRAND.**—A new burlesque, deprecatingly described in the bills as "A shameful travesty of the Duke's Motto," has been produced at this theatre with a success at once decided and deserved. Adopting the facetiously varied title of "The Motto—I am 'All There,'" Mr. J. H. Byron, who has thus added another triumph in the field of travesty to the long list of those he has previously achieved, has treated an unusually difficult subject with equal tact and good taste, and the profusion of puns, prodigally squandered through the dialogue, excites as much our amazement as our admiration at the apparently inexhaustible supply with which he adequately meets the demand. Considering, possibly, that a piece which has remained for some seven months in the bills must be sufficiently familiar to the public to make its parodiical presentation perfectly intelligible to a general audience, the Strand burlesque follows the Lyceum drama with singular faithfulness. The names of the personages are unaltered, and the impulses by which they are actuated are unchanged, and the incidents are imitated with singular minuteness of detail. The burlesque is admirably acted by the company. Mr. George Honey occasionally reproducing the voice and manner, and always preserving the look and dress, of Mr. Fechter, gives the fullest force to the parodied personation of Legardere, and in the songs and concerted pieces made an excellent use of his powerful voice. Miss Ada Swanborough played Blanche with spirit and great confidence, and employed her vocal powers to advantage. Miss Jenny White was a brisk and lively representative of Carrickfergus, and Miss Maria Simpson, who made her first appearance here this season, as the Duke's courtesan, looked and acted the character in the best possible manner. The lady has decidedly improved since her last visit to the metropolis. Miss Fanny Josephs made a smart tipsy girl; and Mr. H. J. Turner, Mr. E. Clifton, and Mr. Danvers were excellent as the persecuted Princess, the Duke de Novers, and the Regent.

The *Austrian Gazette* announces that Mdlla. Pastovitooff, ex-aid-de-camp of Langiewicz, arrived lately at Breslau, by the train from Posen, and continued her route the next day, in order to reach Josephstadt, to see Langiewicz.

## General News.

We (*Galignani*) are informed that a club has been founded at Paris by lovers of this fine game, and that a piece of ground has been graciously granted for practice by the Prefect of the Seine, in the Bois de Boulogne, near the gates of Madrid. The practice takes place on Monday and Friday evenings, from six to eight. The rules are almost the same as those of the Marylebone Club. Cricketers, either English or French, who desire to become members can apply to Mr. R. Hazelton, honorary secretary, 17, Rue de la Madeline. A match between the clubs of Paris and Boulogne-sur-Mer is spoken of for the beginning of next month.

A CORRESPONDENT of a contemporary writes:—"Among the insurgents belonging to Wysocki's corps I found a young lady so timid and so afraid of being looked upon as a wonder that she kept herself in almost perpetual seclusion, but so brave that on the day of the battle she insisted on being placed in the first line, and greatly distinguished herself in the action. Her relations had done their utmost to persuade and even enforce her to remain at home, but she threatened to commit suicide if she were detained, and they feared that she might keep her word. She had changed her name from 'Marya' to 'Maryan' (the Christian name of Langiewicz), and was known in her company as 'Panna Marian,' or, as Englishmen, if they had met her in the wood, would have called her, 'Maid Marian.' Maid Marian has now returned to her family, and I am sorry to have to add that this prodigal daughter—prodigal, at least, in acts of daring—is badly wounded."

MARSHAL VAILLANT, as Minister of the Emperor's household, received the Professor of the Musical Conservatoire. The marshal observed to Professor Padelou that he should not have known him again, he had grown so fat. M. Padelou replied that the marshal might well be surprised that a professor could fatten upon such small pay as the State awarded him. The marshal laughed heartily, and promised to intercede with the Emperor for an increase, which will be doubtless allowed, not so much to the Professor of Music as to the sayer of a good thing.

A MOVEMENT is going on in the colony of New Zealand for the purpose of bringing out families of the distressed cotton operatives in England, and establishing special settlements in various parts of the colony. Several schemes are at present being discussed, but as yet nothing definite has been decided on.

A LETTER from Milan, in the *Trieste Gazette*, says that Garibaldi is in a weak state of health, and will never be able to head an army again. The wounded foot is stiff, and the general can only walk with a crutch. The wound is still suppurating, and every now and then splinters of bone come out. Moreover, Garibaldi labours under a general affection, which has its seat in the liver. The death of Nullo has greatly depressed him.

THE Act for the Further Security of the Person of her Majesty's Subjects from Personal Violence has just been printed. By this Act "garotters" and others, in addition to the punishment ordered by former Acts of penal servitude for life or imprisonment, can be once, twice, or thrice privately whipped. A man whose age does not exceed sixteen can be flogged with a birch rod up to twenty-five strokes on each occasion, and above that age fifty strokes can be inflicted on each occasion. The whipping is to take place within six months after the sentence, and in a case of penal servitude, before the removal to a convict prison, to undergo the sentence. The Act is now in force, and "may" be adopted by criminal courts.

THE *Gazette musicale* apprises us that Mdlla. Adeline Patti has been "commanded" by the Queen of Spain to sing during the winter of 1863-4 in the capital of her birth, Madrid, and that she will therefore relinquish her engagements in Paris.

THE *Peterborough Advertiser* reports that at the Oundle Petty Sessions the Rev. F. K. Brown, seventy-five years of age, vicar of Southwick, was committed for trial at the Northamptonshire Quarter Sessions on the charge of indecently assaulting the wife of a labourer, named Mary Ann Ward, in his parish. He was admitted to bail, himself in 300*l.*, and two sureties in 150*l.* each.

THE Swiss marksmen assembled at Chaux-de-Fonds on the occasion of the Federal rifle match have addressed an earnest appeal to their countrymen in favour of the Polish cause, calling on them, as freemen who can appreciate the blessings of liberty, to come forward with their contributions to aid the gallant Poles in their struggle against Russia. The document is signed by MM. Lesquereux and Irlet, presidents of the rifle match, and four other gentlemen of high standing.

LIEUTENANT TRAGETT, of the 57th Infantry, who was murdered by the Maories of New Zealand, in their recent outbreak in the Taranaki district, was the son of the Rev. Mr. Tragett, of Abridge, near Romsey, in Hants.

A NUMBER of English ladies in Paris having sent an address of congratulation to Queen Victoria on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, received the following reply:—"Whitehall, July 2: Madam,—I have had the honour to lay before the Queen the loyal dutiful address of the English-women resident in Paris, on the occasion of the marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, which accompanied your letter of the 20th ult. And I have to inform you that her Majesty was pleased to receive the address very graciously.—I am, &c., G. GREY."

"We are glad to find," says the *Patriot*, "that the influential supporters of Mr. Somes's Sunday Beer Bill are convinced of the impolicy and inutility of any further attempt to close the public-houses entirely on Sunday, and that next session of parliament any bill that may be introduced with reference to this subject will aim only at a further curtailment of the hours during which they are permitted to open on the Sunday evening."

THE *Pays* says that the King of Prussia is using great exertions to break up the understanding between the three Powers on the Polish question.

MR. CHARLES BARRINGTON, of the Treasury, has been appointed Gentleman Usher to the Order of the Bath. Horatio James Huggings, Esq., has been appointed Queen's Advocate for the colony of Sierra Leone.

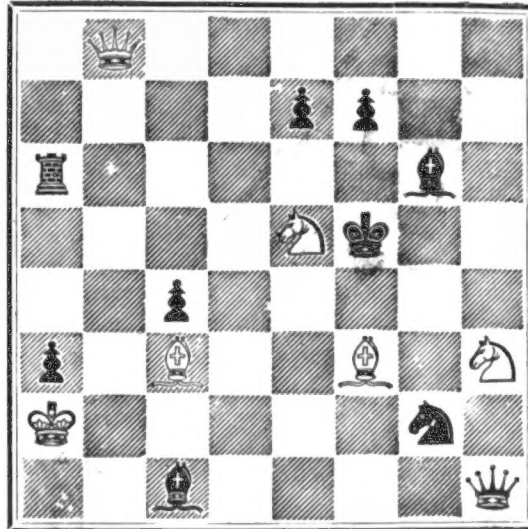
## ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, BOYS'-HILL, MAIDENHEAD.

THIS beautiful structure is somewhat famous for the manner in which the services of the Church are celebrated. Respecting that, however, we have nothing to say; but, as regards the internal decoration of the building, there can be but one opinion. It is eminently Catholic and impressive. The colouring of the painted window is singularly rich, and the biblical subject represented in the large one admirably executed.

THE ACTION AGAINST THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.—The action brought by Madame de Civry for an alimentary allowance from her putative father, the Duke of Brunswick, and of which we have from time to time published accounts, has been advanced another stage. The Civil Tribunal of the Seine delivered judgment on the various preliminary questions and objections raised. The Court declared Madame de Civry entitled to prosecute the action against the duke, she being by her marriage a French subject, and the circumstances (poverty) which she alleged had forced her to take legal proceedings having arisen subsequently to her acquisition of the rights of a French citizen. The Court further decreed that the Duke of Brunswick should pay the cost of the proceedings so far. This decision clears the ground for the trial of the case on its own merits, and, unless a compromise should be effected, the duke will have to show satisfactory reasons for declining to grant an alimentary allowance for the support of his illegitimate daughter and her family.

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 125—By B. X.  
Black.



White.  
White to move, and mate in three moves.

## LESSONS FOR LEARNERS.

THE OPENINGS OF CHESS.

## I.—THE KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.

(The Lopez Gambit.)

- |             |             |
|-------------|-------------|
| White.      | Black.      |
| 1. P to K4  | 1 P to K4   |
| 2. B to QB4 | 2. B to QB4 |
| 3. Q to K2  |             |
| 4. P to KB4 |             |

The Knight's Defence to the King Bishop's Game.

- |             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1. P to K4  | 1. P to K4    |
| 2. B to QB4 | 2. K Kt to B3 |

The Double Gambit.

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. P to K4    | 1. P to K4   |
| 2. B to QB4   | 2. B to QB4  |
| 3. P to Q Kt4 | 3. B takes P |
| 4. P to KB4   |              |

Game of the Two Kings' Bishops.

- |               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. P to K4    | 1. P to K4    |
| 2. K B to QB4 | 2. K B to QB4 |
| 3. P to QB3   |               |
| 4. K Kt to B3 |               |

(To be continued.)

H. BAYLEY.—We should have preferred B takes Kt for your 15th move. In that case, you might have drawn the game—e.g.,

- |   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| White.  | Black.          |
| 15. B takes Kt  | 15. B takes B   |
| 16. Q to K Kt4  | 16. Kt to KB3   |
| 17. Q to K Kt3  | 17. Kt to KR2   |
| 18. Q R to KB square                                  | 18. B to KB5    |
| 19. Q to K Kt4  | 19. Kt to K Kt4 |
| 20. K to Q Kt3, drawing next move by perpetual check. |                 |

C. F. S.—We desire to thank you for your observation respecting a tourney amongst Chess players. If thirty-two subscribers express their desire to compete, the matter may be considered as settled, and we shall be happy to render all the aid we can in the matter.

F. R. S.—B to Q Kt 6 will relieve you from the doubt which you entertain with regard to the solution of Problem 32. Your suggested move of Kt to B4 is unavailing.

B. X.—Although the Problems with which you have favoured us are not sufficiently good for publication, they exhibit a certain degree of constructive skill, which could no doubt be improved by practice.

J. WILSON.—Your Problem is neat, and shall appear at the earliest opportunity.

F. C.—We have examined the position forwarded by you, but we doubt the soundness of your analysis. If, instead of 8 Q to B4, Black play 8 B to K2, we think that the result would be in his favor. The position would make an excellent Chess study. If you will favour us with your address, we will return the position to you, in order that you may exercise the move which we have suggested for Black.

Solutions of Problems, up to the present date, by H. S. Monger, A. Hutton, G. W. B. T. O. C. J. Fox, A. Maynew, J. B. (Salford), J. Mills, F. A. Berlin, Victor, W. B. C. Floyd, G. Harnett, J. H. Hawley, T. Simpson, F. Harrison, T. F., White Knight, and B. X.—correct.

## Sporting.

## BETTING AT TATTERSALLS.

Nottinghamshire Handicap.—5 to 2 against Mr. Thomas's Brighton (t); 5 to 2 against Lord Stamford's Dulcibella (t); 7 to 1 against any other.

Goodwood Stakes.—5 to 2 against Mr. Greville's Anfield (t); 100 to 15 against Lord St. Vincent's Bellman (t); 10 to 1 against Mr. T. Parr's Blondin (off); 10 to 1 against Lord Zetland's Zapateado (t); 20 to 1 against Mr. T. Parr's Grimston (off); 25 to 1 against Mr. G. Bryn's Brian Boru (t).

Goodwood Cup.—9 to 4 against Mr. Merry's Backstone (t); 9 to 2 against Mr. Montague's La Touques (t); 7 to 1 against Mr. Naylor's Isoline (t); 10 to 1 against Mr. Cartwright's Fairwater (off); 100 to 8 against Mr. Astley's Atherstone (off). Tom Widdell was struck out this day at 1.25 p.m.

St. Leger.—20 to 1 against Baron Kouschid's King of the Vale (t); 50 to 1 against Mr. T. Anson's Bonny Bell (t).

Derby, 1864.—20 to 1 against Mr. Williamson's Coup d'Etat (t); 25 to 1 against Mr. T. Valentine's Holly Fox (t); 50 to 1 against Baron Nivieres' Eouchamp (t).



## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
GUILDHALL.

**LIBELLING DETECTIVE OFFICERS.**—Harriet Danell, the young female who was charged a few days ago with writing and publishing threatening letters containing obscene libels on various members of the detective force of the City police, was brought up, before Alderman Lawrence and Alderman Ouder, for further examination relative to those charges. Mr. Sleight, instructed by Mr. Beard, said—I appear before you to-day on behalf of many members of the City police force in reference to this matter, and from the evidence adduced on the last occasion, you have probably heard sufficient to give you an insight into the charges you are about to investigate, and upon which I shall eventually ask you to commit this woman to the Central Criminal Court for trial. The charges are for writing and publishing libels on certain members of the police force; but after reading the letters containing those libels, which the prisoner, undoubtedly wrote, and undoubtedly sent to the parties to whom addressed, really one hardly knows in what light to view the case. I am afraid that the letters themselves, extending over a period of many months (of years) can leave no doubt in the mind of any reasonable man but that the prisoner has been actuated by the basest of motives which can attach to any human being. They are letters couched in language so terribly filthy, which, with all my experience in criminal matters, I never had to read or hear. Language so filthy that I cannot even shadow forth its nature, and yet written by a woman, the prisoner at the bar. It imputes nith of the most terrible description to these men—it imputes immorality of the grossest kind, roguery, thievery, and everything that can disgrace a man in the opinion of others, and that, too, to respectable men, who have been in the police force many years, and have earned the esteem and confidence of the authorities. These letters have been directed to their offices and to their private houses, and it is my duty to inform the court that they have caused the most painful feelings in the minds of the wives of the men so addressed, and consequences most disastrous. One instance I may mention in which the letter led to a rupture between the man and his wife, and the result was that their home and domestic peace was entirely destroyed, although the only foundation for the abominable accusations in that letter was in the prisoner and morbid mind of the female now before you, who wrote it. In another letter she represents one of the officers as speaking of his wife in the most horrible terms. She has exhibited some signs of remorse by admitting her guilt and asking forgiveness; but, putting aside the enormity of the language and the fearful results which have attended this case, I submit it is one that should be tried by a jury. John Mark Bail said: I am a detective officer. I received the letters produced, addressed to me. They were sent to the office; but three or four others were sent to my wife. They contained language of the most filthy and disgusting nature. There is not one atom of truth in the charges contained in those letters. Charles Baker said: I am a detective officer; I received one of the letters produced, and in addition to the filthy language some of those I received were couched in, I also received in one letter most disgusting drawings. My wife heard of these letters being sent to me, and the consequences have made my home most unhappy for the last eighteen months. Alderman Lawrence said: There is no other course open to the magistrates in a case of this kind, but to send it for trial. The police are a public body, and, as such, are bound to publicly vindicate their characters when attacked. In this case they have been attacked both publicly and privately, and the course they are now pursuing is a very proper one. I therefore commit the prisoner for trial. The prisoner was then cautioned, and asked if she wished to say anything. She said: I can only say I am guilty, and that I am very, very sorry. Mr. Mead has told a very great falsehood. When he came to my house he saw me at the door, and asked me if they were at home (meaning her mother and sister). I said, "No," and he then said, "Then I will come in." It was he who said where they all (the officers who received the letters) lived. At the conclusion of these remarks the prisoner fainted away, and was borne out of the dock insensible.

## WESTMINSTER.

**A MATTER OF OPINION.**—Mr. William Pirey, of 152, Cambridge-street, Pimlico, was brought before Mr. Seife, charged with being drunk and with riotous conduct. Police-constable, 133 B, said that at one o'clock that morning he was on duty in Cambridge-street, when he found the defendant making a noise. He endeavoured to induce him to go away, but found he would not. Mr. Seife: What did he do? Police-constable: He followed me round my beat, and I told him to go away, and as he would not, I was compelled to take him into custody. Mr. Seife: How was he making the noise which first induced you to interfere? Police-constable: It was about a pianoforte. Mr. Seife: About a pianoforte? Police-constable: There was a pianoforte being played in one of the houses, and the defendant wanted to know why I did not stop it. Mr. Seife: What did you say to that? Police-constable: I said I could not. I had no right to go into the house to interfere. Mr. Seife: Was he drunk? Police-constable: He was. Mr. Seife (to defendant): What have you to say to this? Defendant: I don't think it worth while to say anything in particular to the charge. Mr. Seife: You are charged with being drunk and riotous. Defendant: As a matter of opinion, I think not. Mr. Seife: Not riotously? Defendant: I think not. Mr. Seife: What have you to say to the charge of being drunk? Defendant: A little irregular. Mr. Seife: The worse for drink? Defendant: I think so. I think that is correct. Mr. Seife: You are fined 5s. The fine was paid.

**THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF FLOGGING WOMEN.**—This revolting case, in which Sarah Foster, alias Stuart, a procuress, stood charged with assaulting young women, was brought to a close. Viscount Haynham and other gentlemen present were accommodated with seats on the bench. Mr. Sleight, as before, prosecuted. Mr. Smyth defended. The defendant's advocate having expressed a desire to cross-examine Alice Smith and Emma Wilton, two young women whose evidence had been before given, Mr. Seife said he should like to know what the line of defence was. Mr. Smyth said that the defence was a denial that they had been whipped at all. Alice Smith was then cross-examined, but nothing was elicited to shake her testimony. Emma Wilton was then cross-examined, but without effect. This witness and the preceding one both admitted they had quarrelled with the defendant. Mr. Smyth, for the defence, urged that the young women Thomson, Smith, and Wilton, had all come from the house of a Madame Martin, who had a revengeful feeling against the defendant because Pierre Martin had left her to cohabit with the defendant, and that the charges against the defendant were fabricated. He urged the length of time between the alleged offence and the time of complaint as in favour of his client. He then called Ann Farrant, a prostitute of the lowest grade, who declared that Alice Smith and herself accompanied a gentleman to a house a year and nine months ago, and were both whipped. In cross-examination by Mr. Sleight she admitted that she had been twice in custody for felony, and had also been charged with other offences incidental to street-walking, and wound up her testimony by boldly swearing that she came voluntarily to this court to give evidence for the defendant, because she had read Alice Smith's evidence in a newspaper, when, in fact, Alice Smith had not then been examined. Maria Cunningham, formerly servant to defendant, was called to prove that complainants had given an erroneous description of the furniture, but utterly failed, and, indeed, corroborated them to some extent. She admitted seeing the machine and rods in the room. Mr. Sleight said that for the ends of public morality, and to prevent a repetition in crime of the disgusting disclosures which had been made in that court, before the sessions, he would respectfully ask of the magistrate to dispose of the case summarily, as proceedings could otherwise be taken for the indictable offence of procuring indecent prints and photographs with intent to punish them. Mr. Seife said he had been much relieved in the disposal of this case by the request of Mr. Sleight that he would adjudge upon it, but if the case had rested upon the unsupported testimony of one of these girls he should have felt much hesitation in disposing of it summarily, but it did not. He was sensible that the punishment he could inflict was not commensurate with the enormity of the offence, but he felt with Mr. Sleight that it would be best for the public morals that the case be closed as soon as possible. There was no doubt in his mind that the defendant had been guilty of a vile and abominable assault, and it was only from a misgiving that the public morality and decency would suffer that he consented to adjudge. The defendant had doubtless been prompted to these disgusting practices by the desire of gain, and he would waste no more words upon one so thoroughly depraved; but he must express his regret that the wretches who had misused the wealth bestowed upon them should have escaped the just punishment of their revolting conduct. If they could be identified and were brought before him he would not deal with them as with defendant, who had been induced solely by motives of gain, but would most surely send them before a public court. He now committed the defendant for six months to hard labour in the House of Correction, for the assault on Wilton, and he required her at the expiration of that time to find two sureties in £100 each for her good behaviour for six months longer.

**LOADED PISTOLS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.**—John Rawlings, a middle-aged, respectable-looking man, who gave his address, 4, Macintosh-street, Kingsland-road, and described himself as a house-painter, was charged with being found in the House of Commons with a brace of loaded pistols in his possession. William Rescorla, 545 A, said that at a few minutes before four on Monday afternoon he was in the corridor of the House of Commons, when as the defendant passed him he saw the

handle of a pistol projecting from the breast-pocket of his coat. Witness, as he repeated, stopped him, and inquired what he had got in his pocket, when he replied, "Pistols," and witness then found that he had a second in the same pocket. Witness asked if they were loaded, when he replied they were, and also capped. Witness inquired what he was going to do with them, when he said he carried them in his pocket because the children should not get at them, and kept them loaded to frighten cats away from his garden. Nothing else was found upon defendant but a purse and knife. He said he came with his son (a boy of fifteen years of age, who was present) to hear causes tried in the law courts, but they were not sitting. Defendant said that that was so, and he was told that he might go into the House of Commons. Mr. Seife asked what was the meaning of his having a brace of pistols loaded and capped in his pocket upon such a visit. Defendant replied that what he had told the policeman was quite true. He did not attempt to conceal the pistols; had he wished to do so he could have carried them in the tail pocket of his coat. He was not aware he was doing wrong in carrying the pistols, which were loaded with small shot. In reply to further questions from Mr. Seife, defendant said he had never been in the House of Commons before, and was not aware that any members were there. He had lived twenty years at his present abode. His son was questioned by the magistrate, and said that he was not aware of his father carrying pistols about before. Defendant said he was not in any business now. Mr. Seife said it was a very extraordinary thing that a man should be carrying loaded pistols about in this way. He should detain them, and require defendant to enter into his own recognisances to appear again. In the meantime inquiries must be made respecting him.

## BOW STREET.

**STREET-PREACHING CASE.**—The Rev. Richard Hibbs, the clergyman of the Church of England who on Sunday week was charged with creating an obstruction by preaching in Waterloo-place, which charge was adjourned to Monday by his own request, now appeared for further examination. Inspector Wilson, of the Division, produced a letter of instructions from Sir Richard Mayne, enclosing the complaint of an inhabitant, Sir Matthew White Ridley. That gentleman complained of the annoyance of preachers collecting crowds. He stated that one wearing a preacher's band had the voice of a stentor, and that the nuisance continued from three to ten p.m. He thought these noisy fanatics ought not to be allowed to block up the streets, after being expelled from the parks. Sir Richard Mayne directed that the police should interfere and remonstrate with persons creating such annoyance, and if necessary, take them into custody. Defendant then continued the cross-examination. Defendant: Granted that there was a crowd, is there not plenty of room for a crowd? And if so, what annoyance could I occasion? Witness: You were preaching at the top of your voice. Defendant: How can you say that? Was there a more eligible spot for my purpose than the one I selected? The defendant contended, that in point of fact there was no annoyance or obstruction at all, and called the Rev. Mr. Townsend, who said he had been present at several of these open air services at different times, and there was no nuisance. He should doubt the voices being heard by persons in the houses. Inspector Wilson stated that in this hot weather the inhabitants of Carlton-house-terrace were obliged to close their windows. That had been so on the occasion in question. There were seven preachers holding out at that place during the day. Mr. Brooke, of Skinner-street, City, stated that he had been present at several of these open air services. He saw no annoyance and heard no unseemly noise. The preaching was not loud enough to give any annoyance, he thought it was acceptable not only to the poor but to the rich, for he had seen the Duke of Leinster, Mr. Gladstone, and other gentlemen listening to the preaching of Mr. Hibbs, and Mrs. Gladstone used to sit at an open window when they preached near her house. As for the shutting of windows which occurred at the Adelphi Club-house, he was not surprised, for the members were sitting at the windows reading the paper all day, which was setting a very bad example. He wondered that they did not draw down the blinds as well. He had never known a more irreligious body of men, and he hoped Mr. Hibbs's preaching had done them good. He was sure Mr. Hibbs was the last man who would break any known law. Mr. Matthew Fields gave similar testimony. It was a very attentive audience. Mr. Hibbs wore a clergyman's band and gown which gave him an official air and commanded attention. One gentleman who was smoking put out his cigar to listen, and some took their hats off. Mr. Hibbs contended that no annoyance had been proved, and proceeded to defend the practice of street-preaching by the examples of the bishop of the diocese, and also of Lord Wrothamley Russell. He had since preached in the New-road, which was a less convenient place, without interruption by the police. The fact is (said the rev. gentleman) I have no money, and yet, were I, if I do not preach the Gospel. At my ordination I declared that I was moved by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel. Still I am willing to do it in a more regular way if opportunity is given me. Mr. Corrie said it was no doubt illegal to preach, or do anything else in the streets for which the streets were not designed. If a clergyman could claim the right it must be conceded equally to Mormons, lecturers, and fanatics; but the police were allowed to exercise a certain discretion as in the case of Pugh and other exhibitions.—The case was then dismissed.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**A RUSSIAN.**—Thomas Bennet, a tall, powerfully built man, residing at 25, Whitcomb-street, St. Martin's, was charged, before Mr. Tyrwhitt, with violently assaulting his wife Anne, by shaking her down a flight of stairs. The complainant, a very stout female, who seemed to suffer a great deal, and gave her evidence sitting, said: On Saturday morning my husband came home about four o'clock, having been drinking. He was let in by my daughter, eleven years of age, and then began calling me all sorts of bad names, and pulled me by my hair. My child said, "Father, for my sake, don't kill my mother; and when the shops are open I will get you something to eat." He had been looking in the room for something to eat; but he has given me no money for my support, neither has he paid the rent for twelve years. He then went to bed. I got up early, and went about my work, being a laundress. On coming back from Brompton I found that he had got up and gone out, and he returned about seven in the evening, nearly drunk, bringing some violence with him. My child came to speak to me, and he called out to her, "Why do you speak to that?" He afterwards sat down, and as he had a knife and fork in his hands, and I was afraid he would hurt the child, I sent her down stairs. I then went on to the third step of the stairs, intending to descend them, when my husband followed me and put his foot on the skirt of my dress, and on my turning round he lifted up his foot and deliberately kicked me down the stairs—seventeen in number—and I fell to the bottom, and he never attempted to pick me up. I could not speak a word and could not move. Two doctors were sent for, and I was afterwards taken to Charing-cross Hospital in a cab. The doctors said I had no bones broken, but I believe something in my head is broken—it is very bad. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Did he kick you on purpose? Complainant: Oh, yes; he kicked me, and said when he kicked me, "Take that." All my injuries are on my head. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Is it the first time you have had to complain of him? Complainant: Oh, no. Prisoner: Did I kick you off the stairs? Complainant: Yes; and you said you would tear my liver out, too. Ellen Lowe, a married woman, living in the same house, said: I heard a noise and the prisoner say, "Take that." I heard Mrs. Bennet scream, and afterwards found her lying at the bottom of the stairs. The stairs are very steep, narrow, and dangerous. Her head was on the floor, and her legs up three stairs. I then sent for a constable, not being able to raise Mrs. Bennet myself. I saw some black bruises on the back of Mrs. Bennet's neck, and her arm is swollen. Michael Brown, 185 Q, said: I found the complainant lying on the floor, and she could not speak for some time, and when she did she said prisoner had kicked her down stairs. The prisoner, who was sitting in his room, said his wife had fallen down. Mr. Tyrwhitt: He was not doing anything to assist her? Police-constable: No, sir; he had been drinking. In answer to the charge, prisoner said he had quarrelled with his wife, and that she fell down stairs. Mr. Tyrwhitt: I believe you did kick her down. It is a most brutal thing altogether, and a very fortunate for you she was not killed on the spot. I shall send the case to a jury. The prisoner, who has frequently been charged with assaults on his wife, was then committed for trial.

## WORSHIP STREET.

**RINGING THE CHANGES.**—Patrick Dalley and Hannah Pond, decently-dressed persons, were charged before Mr. Cooke with practising the following old but very artful fraud upon a publican. Josepa Tredele, barman at the Duke's head public-house in North-sidgate, Bishopsgate, said: Last evening the prisoners came into the house and claimed acquaintance with an old man standing at the counter; he appeared to know them, and the old man asked them to stand a treat of port wine for the woman and himself. This they did not have, but some spirits were called for, and the old man having paid it, Dalley then had some ginger beer, threw down a sovereign, and saying that it was good I gave change, among which was a half-sovereign. Dalley then said, "I don't like this beer, it is not made by Watts, and I don't like it either, so give me my sovereign back." I did so, taking up what I considered at the moment to be the change I had laid down. Both the prisoners left the house, and immediately afterwards I discovered that the half-sovereign, although well executed except in the milling, was a spurious one, and certainly not that I had taken from the old man after them, and in White Lion-street the man turned round, saw

me following, and ran off at the top of his speed, while the woman turned into a court. An officer pursued him and brought him back to where I stood with the woman. She disclaimed all knowledge of the matter, and declared that she was a stranger to the other, having merely complied with his request to enter the house and take some refreshment. Watts, 184 N: I took the man, having heard the cry of "Stop thief." He said that the half-sovereign was the same given to him by the barman, but could not assign a reason for running away. I found a sovereign in his pocket. Neither prisoner now said a word in defence, and Mr. Leigh remanded them that inquiries might be made.

## THAMES.

**"THE HOUSE OF CALL FOR MOURNERS."**—Mr. Alfred Ginnoneau, the landlord of the Bell and Mackerel public-house, Road-side, Mile-end-road, appeared before Mr. Partridge to answer an information and summons exhibited by Inspector Griffin, of the K division, for having his house open for the sale of ale, beer, spirits, and wine on Sunday afternoon, between the prohibited hours of four and five o'clock. Two police constables of the K division proved that upwards of 100 persons were admitted into the Bell and Mackerel public-house on Sunday afternoon from twenty minutes past four o'clock until a quarter before five o'clock, and they were supplied with whatever they required in the shape of beer, ale, spirits, and tobacco. Mr. Ginnoneau, in defence, said the Bell and Mackerel was a house of call for mourners. (A laugh.) Mr. Partridge: Merry mourners, I suppose. Will you be so good as to explain yourself? Mr. Ginnoneau said his house was near the Tower Hamlets Cemetery. There were a great many funerals there on Sunday afternoon, and many of the mourners came a very long distance, and after burying their friends and relatives, stepped into his house to slake their thirst. Mr. Partridge: Thirsty mourners. (Laughter.) The policemen were recalled, and said that persons not mourners were admitted. Working men being in the neighbourhood, and with clothes not of the sable hue, were admitted, and supplied with beer, spirits, and tobacco. Mr. Ginnoneau said mourning coaches, hearse, and mourners stopped at his house daily, but on Sunday afternoon, between three and five o'clock, he admitted no one unless introduced by an undertaker (laughter), and he put the question to every one who entered—"Are you an undertaker or are you a traveller?" Mr. Partridge said the defendant could nevertheless supply a traveller with refreshments between three and five o'clock—they must be bona fide travellers. Mr. Ginnoneau said the followers of funerals came from Westminster, Westminster Abbey (a laugh), Hermandsey, Lambeth, Southwark, and other places. Mr. Partridge was inclined to think the people coming from the places mentioned, after attending funerals, would be travellers; but here the objection was, that under the pretence of admitting undertakers and mourners, it allowed the indiscriminate admission of the public. Mr. Ginnoneau: Not till the undertaker presented his card. (Laughter.) Mr. Ginnoneau said a funeral from Hermandsey would sometimes be attended by 500 persons, and Inspector Griffin explained that as regarded Irish funerals there would be from 200 to 300 or 500 persons attending upon arriving in the cemetery, although only a few left the deceased person's dwelling with the body. The poor Irish collected on the route, and came from Golden-lane, St. Luke's, Aldgate, Whitechapel, Poplar, and Ratcliff. Mr. Partridge said he must fine the defendant, who admitted the general public. Mr. Ginnoneau wished the case to be postponed to call an undertaker living at the West-end. Mr. Partridge: What is he to prove? Mr. Ginnoneau: That I said to him, "Are you an undertaker?" and to the mourners, "Are you a traveller?" Here is the undertaker's card. Mr. Partridge did not think the undertaker's evidence would make any difference whatever, but he was very reluctant to convict any man until he had heard the whole of his defence. Mr. Ginnoneau: May I serve travellers? Mr. Partridge: Yes, bona fide travellers. Mr. Ginnoneau: What constitutes a traveller? Mr. Partridge: I decline to give a definition of the word traveller. Mr. Ginnoneau: Are undertakers and mourners travellers? Mr. Partridge: Under certain circumstances, and if they travel a long distance they may be considered bona fide travellers. It depends on circumstances. At the earnest request of the defendant, Mr. Partridge postponed his decision.

## SOUTHWARK.

**A RUSSIAN HUSBAND.**—Henry Webb, an engineer, was brought before Mr. Combe, charged with committing a violent assault on Catherine Webb, his wife. The complainant, a middle-aged female of decent appearance, said that she had been married to the prisoner about eight years, but owing to his gross ill-treatment she was compelled to live apart from him with her children. He was in the habit of making her a small weekly allowance, but latterly he had neglected to pay her. Between eight and nine on the previous night she met him, and asked him why he had neglected to pay her her money, when he called out, "I shan't pay you a farthing more unless you will come and live with me again." Witness told him she never would think of such a thing again, when he seized hold of her by the neck which nearly deprived her of her senses. Mr. Combe asked whether she had ever had him before a magistrate on any previous occasion for beating her? Witness replied that she had, and he had suffered three months' and six months' hard labour for beating her, therefore it would be impossible for her to live with him again. Mr. Combe asked her if she was able to get her own livelihood? She replied that she was, and was living in comparative quietude and comfort. In answer to the charge the prisoner said that his wife came to him for money, and abused him in such a manner that he gave her a push. He denied knocking her down. Mr. Combe asked the complainant whether she had lived with him since his release the last time from custody? She replied that she had, but was compelled to leave him three months ago, as she was afraid he would have murdered her. Mr. Combe told the prisoner that he was a brutal, cowardly fellow, and as six and three months had done him no good he should sentence him to another six months, with hard labour.

## HAMMERSMITH.

**EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF CRADULTY.**—Matthew Middleton, a respectable-looking man, about 30 years of age, who was described as a joiner, was brought up on a warrant before Mr. Ingham, charged with obtaining £5 from Elizabeth Bray by false pretences. The prisoner pleaded "Guilty." The prosecutrix, a very genteel looking young woman, living in service at No. 31, Princes-square, stated that she had known the prisoner about eight years; but since January last he had been paying his addresses to her. He first obtained £5 from her on Good Friday, and afterwards £50 from her aunt. When he obtained the £5 he asked her to lend him the money as he had property in Chancery, and said when he released her he would repay her. Mr. Ingham: Did he tell you the amount of the property he had in Chancery? Witness: He said a large amount. I understood him to mean millions. (Laughter.) I am sure he said that amount. After he had the £5 he said he had a large sum to pay in before he could take the property out. In answer to further questions the prosecutrix said that when she let him have the money she believed his story, or she would not have lent it to him as she had to work very hard for her money. She had since written to Mr. Wignot, the minister of the chapel at Lynn, in Norfolk, of which the prisoner was formerly a member, and had ascertained that his statement was not true. She first knew the prisoner at the chapel, where he was a teacher in the Sunday schools. Two letters from Mr. Wignot to the prosecutrix were handed to his worship, who read them. It would appear that the character of the prisoner was well known at Lynn. He had played a similar trick upon a young woman there, and after getting her money abandoned her. Mary Mamford, another young woman, who is in service with the prosecutrix, said the prisoner had got watch. She lent it to her fellow-servant, as the prisoner wanted to borrow it for two days on account of his having broken his own, and he wanted particularly to have a watch to wear when he was going. Her fellow-servant gave the prisoner the watch. When he came again he made an excuse that he had left the watch in his box, and he promised to return it on the following Wednesday. The prisoner, however, never came again. Mr. Ingham: Do you know anything about the two millions of money in Chancery? Witness: Yes; he showed us a written paper relating to his estates and property. (Laughter.) We did not understand it. He said his estates were in Norfolk, Cumberland, and in Jamaica, and that he was going to draw £20,000 in a fortnight. This was said in the week before I parted with my watch. Police-constable Acres, one of the officers of the court, who took the prisoner into custody, said he found £58 10s. in gold upon him. The prisoner was apprehended through the prosecutrix. When he arrived at the steam wharf, London-bridge, on board one of the Hull boats, she gave him into custody, and he, with his boxes, was brought to the Brook-green station, where witness received charge of him. On the way to the court, the prisoner said he hoped witness would not be severe with him, and ask for a reward, as it would be the death of his mother. Mr. Ingham remanded the prisoner, who made no statement for a week, and ordered his boxes to be searched in his presence. Subsequently Acres stepped into the witness-box with a young woman, and explained that she had accompanied the prisoner, who had promised her marriage, from Hull, and all her clothes were in one of the boxes which belonged to her. Her application was to have her property given up to her, the prisoner not objecting. Mr. Ingham having elicited from her that she did not wish to prosecute the prisoner, gave an order for the restoration of her things. Acres informed his worship that he had found in the prisoner's box a piece of paper, on which was written fabulous sums in various well-known stocks. It was also mentioned that the total amount the prisoner obtained from the aunt of the prosecutrix was £70, and that the gold found upon him was part of the money.



### THE REPLY OF THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT IN REFERENCE TO POLAND.

THE reply of the Russian Government to the propositions made by the English Cabinet for settling the affairs of Poland has been received, and is by no means satisfactory. After reviewing the nature of the different treaties concerning Poland, Prince Gortschakoff, in his despatch to Baron Brunnow, concludes thus:—

"The only stipulation of these treaties which can have made it appear doubtful that the Emperor of Russia possessed the kingdom of Poland by the same title as that by which he holds his other possessions, the only one which might have made his rights dependent upon any condition whatever, and which explains the possibility of an exchange of ideas with foreign Courts upon the subject of his relations with that portion of his dominions, is the vague phrase of Article I, which says—That the Emperor of Russia reserves it to himself to give to this state enjoying a distinct Administration, such an internal extension as he shall deem advisable. And that Article which says—That the Poles, the respective subjects of the high contracting parties, shall obtain representation and national institutions, regulated in conformity with the mode of the political existence which each of the Governments to which they belong shall deem it expedient and proper to bestow upon them. But the history of this period is not so remote that the remembrance can be lost of the position which Russia held at the termination of the European crisis which was brought to an end by the treaty of Vienna. From that time we should not be far from the truth if we affirmed that the 1st Article of the treaty of Vienna was prepared by and directly emanated from his Majesty the Emperor Alexander I. The conversation with Lord Castlereagh cited by Lord Russell is an additional evidence of this fact. After saying this the Principal Secretary of State of her Britannic Majesty will dispense us from giving an answer to the proposed arrangement for a suspension of hostilities. It would not resist a serious examination of the conditions necessary for carrying it into effect. If it were to be defined between whom it was to be negotiated, of what nature the *status quo* was to be which it would guarantee, and who was to watch over its execution, it would readily be perceived that the provisions of public law could not be applied to a situation which would be a flagrant violation of such law. His Majesty the Emperor owes to his faithful army which struggles for the maintenance of order, to the peaceable majority of Poles who suffer from these deplorable agitations, and to Russia, on whom they impose painful sacrifices, to take energetic measures to terminate them. Desirable as it may be speedily to place a term to the effusion of blood, this object can only be attained by the insurgents throwing down their arms and surrendering themselves to the clemency of the Emperor. Every other arrangement would be incompatible with the dignity of our august master, and with the sentiments of the Russian nation. It would, besides, have a result diametrically opposed to the one recommended by Lord Russell. As to the idea of a conference of the eight Powers who signed the treaty of Vienna, which should discuss the six points adopted as a base, it presents to us serious inconveniences, without our being able to see in it any advantage. If the measures in question are sufficient for the pacification of the country, a conference would be without object. If the measures were to be submitted to ulterior deliberation there would result a direct interference of foreign Powers in the most intimate details of the administration—an interference that no great Power could admit, and which certainly England would not accept in her own affairs. Such an interference would be neither in the spirit nor in the letter of the treaties of Vienna, on the basis of which we have invited the Powers to a friendly exchange of ideas. It would result in removing still further the end which they propose to themselves by depriving the Government of its prestige and its authority, and by further increasing the pretensions and illusions of the Polish agitators. The course which was followed in 1815 appears to us to indicate clearly enough the nature of the deliberations which may take place upon the questions bearing, on the one side, on the general interest, and, on the other, upon administrative details of the exclusive dominion of the neighbouring sovereign States. At that epoch, a distinction was practically established between these two classes of interests; the first have been the object of separate negotiations on the part of the Courts of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, between which the traditions of history, permanent contract, and an immediate neighbourhood created a strict solidarity. All the arrangements destined to regulate the interior administration and the mutual relations of the Polish territories placed since the congress of Vienna under their respective dominions have been laid down in treaties concluded directly between these three Courts on the 21st of April (3rd May) 1815. They have been successively completed by a series of special conventions whenever circumstances have required it. The general principles mentioned in these treaties, and which could interest Europe, have alone been inserted in the act of the congress of Vienna, signed on May 27 (June 9) by all the powers invited to concur in it. At present it is not a question of these general principles, but the administrative details and ulterior arrangements would furnish useful matter for discussion by the three Courts in order to place the respective position of their Polish possessions, to which the stipulations of the treaties of 1815 extend, in harmony with present necessities and the progress of time. The Imperial Cabinet declares itself from the present time ready to enter into a similar understanding with the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin. In any case the re-establishment of order is an indispensable condition which must precede any serious application of the measures destined for the pacification of the kingdom. This condition depends greatly upon the resolution of the great Powers not to lend themselves to calculations which the instigators of the Polish insurrection found on or expect

from an active intervention in favour of their exaggerated aspirations. Clear and categorical language on the part of those Powers would contribute to dissipate these illusions, and to thwart these calculations, which tend to prolong the disorder and excitement of public opinion. They would thus bring nearer the moment which we invoke—that in which the tranquillization of passions and the return of material order will permit our august master to labour for the moral pacification of the country by putting into execution the measures which his Majesty maintains both in the germs already laid down, and in the developments of them which he has allowed to be foreseen. Your excellency will have the goodness to read and give a copy of this despatch to the Principal Secretary of State of her Britannic Majesty.

"Receive, &c., (Signed) "GORTSCHAKOFF."

### MDLLE. ANTONIETTA FRICCI.

MDLLE. ANTONIETTA FRICCI, one of the chief stars at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden Theatre, of whom we give a portrait, was born in Vienna in the year 1839, being now in her twenty-fifth year. When she was only fourteen, she frequented the Conservatory of Music, in order to acquire the first knowledge of that art she loved so much, and afterwards becoming acquainted with the celebrated Mdme. Marchesi, she began to study singing under the direction of that renowned Italian lady. The rapid progress she made, and the talent she evinced, clearly showed that some day she would be one out of the common line. She made her debut at Pisa in 1857, and, although a little town compared to those to which she was afterwards called, our readers must know that the Pisan public, composed principally of students, is very hard to please.

The brilliant success she met with made her name known throughout Italy, and after having charmed by her clever performances Livorno and Florence, she was engaged in more important places—we mean Turin and San Carlo a Napoli. We may say that she passed from one triumph to another, each public acknowledging her talent, and the more than extraordinary feeling (what the Italians call *sentimento*) that she put in her acting. After having sung at Bologna and Lisbon, she was engaged for the Imperial



MDLLE. ANTONIETTA FRICCI.

Theatre of Moscow. She had the honour to sing at a concert before the Empress of Russia, and she was awarded splendid presents, consisting of a diadem of brilliants, brooches, and necklaces; the Empress and the Emperor asserting personally to her their high satisfaction. She is now at Covent Garden.

When she made her first appearance in London almost every journal was of opinion that she bore a strong resemblance to Grisi, both in voice, acting, and in her personal features.

Undoubtedly Mdle. Frizzi possesses rare talent—talent that is sufficient to make her a worthy substitute for that great Norma.

**ARREST IN NEW YORK OF A LIVERPOOL MURDERER.**—Our readers will remember that about two months ago a man named Pennington, a sailor, brutally murdered his sweetheart by cutting her throat in St John's-lane, Liverpool. The local police learning that the murderer had sailed for America at once sent out a warrant to the New York police for the arrest of Pennington under the Extradition Act. The New York officials have succeeded in arresting the murderer, for intelligence has been received in Liverpool to that effect, and detective officer Carlisle, accompanied by the brother of the murdered girl, have already sailed to New York for the purpose of bringing the prisoner to Liverpool, where it is possible he will arrive in time to be tried at the next South Lancashire assizes. Pennington endeavoured to elude detection by shaving off his whiskers and eyebrows, and otherwise changing himself.

### THE CONFEDERATES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

WHILE in Chambersburg, the rebel officers and soldiers passed round from one store to another and purchased whatever they desired, paying for the same in rebel scrip. Sometimes a private would come along who would take many things he did not pay for, but on the whole the rebels behaved themselves very well in this respect. They paid liberally for what they got, and the storekeepers did not fail to ask almost enormous prices for their goods. The drug stores were made to suffer the heaviest, in that the rebels laid in a good stock of drugs and articles of medicine found at such places. In consequence of the many payments in rebel scrip, the town is more than pleasantly supplied with this Southern money. General Jenkins was very courteous to all who approached him. One lady asked the general to permit her to keep her negroes, and he granted her request immediately, giving her a written order to that effect. While walking along (for he was in the habit of conversing with the inmates of one house or another, seeing them on the stoops), he turned to some ladies, remarking, "Well, ladies, I suppose we are very unwelcome visitors here?" The reply was, "So far you have behaved yourselves very well." "Yes," said the general, "our intention is to do so to the best of our ability." The Franklin House is the largest hotel in the town. Here the rebel officers (or a large portion of them) came to take their meals. They were very polite when at table, discussed the war, &c., with much warmth, argument, and sophistry, but always held they were sure to come out first best. Some of them ate voraciously, and when they were doing so attributed it to the healthful effect of the valley air, remarking that they had come north for the health of the Confederacy, of which they were a part. They did not all of them pay their hotel bills. The ladies did not appear to be much alarmed at the presence of so many unwelcome visitors. Undoubtedly they were fearful all the time; but still they exhibited a bold front. When passing along the streets, many of the rebels, privates and officers, would stop and converse with a party of ladies sitting on the stoops. Then it was that much spirited conversation ensued. The ladies called them rebels, and gave them their opinion of such people in very plain terms. The soldiers did not seem to be at all annoyed by this; in fact, they rather appeared to like it. In turn, the rebels were not slow to give the Yankees about as much condemnation as it was possible for words to bestow on them. In all their conversations the rebels spoke confidently of their ultimate success. They held they had whipped the Yankees all along on Southern soil, and now they were going to do it on a Northern one. All the time they were at Chambersburg they talked loudly and largely, but from their actions every one could easily see they were much alarmed at the precariousness of their position. They were on the *qui vive* night and day to repel an attack. They were under the impression that we had a large armed force in the valley, and that their front was likely to be assaulted at any moment. For this reason a portion of their command was constantly kept in line of battle towards Harrisburg. As the rebel column was leaving town, one of the citizens fired at and wounded one of the soldiers. The citizens immediately deprecated the act. They looked upon it as a very cowardly one, and a useless and ungenerous one too. The rebels had behaved themselves unusually well for soldiers, and the people would not have been surprised had a squadron returned and set fire to the whole town. The firing was at the hands of an irresponsible person, and those who have property at stake did not like it at all.—*New York World Correspondence.*

MISS M. E. BRADDON AND HER FIRST WORK.—At the Hull Bankruptcy Court, before Mr. Judge Raines, a bookseller and publisher named Empson, formerly of Beverley, in the East Riding, and now of Mytongate, Hull, applied for his discharge. The bankrupt's debts amounted to a little above £260, and in the course of his examination it transpired that in the year 1860 he engaged Miss M. E. Braddon (the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Aurora Floyd") to write a novel for him, entitled, "Three Times Dead; or, the Secret of the Heath." Miss M. E. Braddon was at this time an actress at the Royal Queen's Theatre, Hull, and played under the name of Miss Seyton. She wrote the introductions to the pantomimes, and this brought her under notice, and while she was staying at Beverley Park published occasional poems, which caused Mr. Empson to enter into

an arrangement with her to write a novel. "Three Times Dead" was Miss Braddon's first literary effort, and although it was highly sensational, and above £200 was expended in getting it out, the work proved a failure, and to this cause Mr. Empson partly attributed his bankruptcy. Since 1860 Miss Braddon had been in London, and what success her literary efforts have achieved is matter of public notoriety. Mr. Judge Raines said if Miss Braddon had made £8,000 out of her works, she could surely afford to assist the man who had published her first work, and who had become bankrupt through doing so. Mr. Empson said he had not the slightest expectations from Miss Braddon. The cause of the failure of "Three Times Dead" was that London publishers invariably attempted to crush works published in the provinces. There being no opposition to the bankrupt, he was allowed to pass his examination, and an order of discharge was granted.—*Leeds Mercury.*

**DESTRUCTIVE MACHINES.**—A newly-invented machine for destroying ships has just been successfully tried at Helsingfors. The inventor is Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsdorf. They are made of glass, and contain each about eight pounds of powder. An old ship with which the experiment was made was completely blown to pieces. The Russian Government has now given an order for a large number of these machines.

THE *Temps* says that M. Walewski is likely to be sent as ambassador to London.





MR. SOLOMONS PROPOSES TO MRS. HELPS.

## Literature

SWEETHEART NAN;  
OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

CHAPTER XI.  
THE SIEGE.

"WHICH, Mr. Solomons, whether my head was where my heels are, or they were not so, I could not undertake, on solemn affidavit, to say; but when she, as cool as any of your cucumbers, said to me—and the which, of course, I mean my young lady, and not the cucumbers—I believe, Mrs. Helps, I am about to be married, it's a great mercy I was not a top of a staircase, or I should have been directly at the bottom of one, and knocked me down with a blade of grass; and what I was going to say, Solomons—"

"Man—which it naturally includes woman—is cut down like grass."

"Very true," said Mrs. Helps. "Quite right, Solomons. Only never interrupt, except for argument, the which I always set my face against. And a fine young man as ever stepped in two shoes! Well, why don't you answer?"

"He couldn't step in one."

"I repeat, Mr. Solomons—and which, if you can't use reason, leave the housekeeper's apartments—I repeat the which Sir Edgar Pomeroy is a fine young man."

"Ha! Handsome is as handsome does."

"Then, Mr. Solomons, the which I can't say much for your good looks."

"Ha! I went under a ladder this morning, Meggie Helps."

"Meggie Helps!"

"She who's ashamed of her name had better change it."

"Solomons, no more of that, which is neither here nor there; and Kezia younger and better looking."

"Kezia isn't a patch upon your gownd, Meggie Helps!"

"Meggie Helps!"

"She who's ashamed of her godfathers and godmothers shall be nameless."

"No, Solomons. Meggie Helps I told Helps it should be; an' though you carried off the prize for every vegetable under the sun, Meggie Helps it stands; and that's my mind!"

"She's a wise woman who knows her own mind."

"Yes, Mr. Solomons; and a still tongue it makes a wise head!"

"Then I'd rather be a fool, if I could talk you into it, Meggie!"

"You won't, Joseph."

Here Mr. Solomons, with the most extraordinary cast of countenance ever beheld, did a kind of "Dead March" of three steps up to the astonished Mrs. Helps, sat down like a crank, shot out his right arm like a rocket, and bent it, like another crank, round the housekeeper's waist—that is, as far round it as it would go; for, as Mrs. Helps herself euphoniously put it, "she had been thinner"—and then, after a small internal struggle, in which the strong mind of Solomons gained a rapid victory, the head gardener thus delivered himself:—

"Margaret Helps, widder, it's now twenty year since Helps drank his last pot o' ale. Don't begin to be overcome; because you know them widder's caps o' yours was long since wored out. I waited two year; and I waited more; and then I begun. I was the early bird, and the late bird. I fetched yer this, and fetched yer that. Where yer went I went; and where yer sent me to I come back from. Yer treated me hot, and yer treated me cold, and yer treated me 'twixt. I've tried to make hay while the sun was a shining; and, when yer put me under a cloud, I said it was a long lane as had no turning, and so I put my shoulder to the wheel, and yer didn't upset my apple-cart, Mrs. Helps. Don't speak, Mrs. Helps, and put away yer handkercher, or I shall chuck it out o' winder. Mrs. Margaret Helps, widder, when I fust courted yer my hair was thick, and my hair was curly."

"The which, Joseph, it were beautiful."

"Mrs. Margaret Helps, widder, don't put your oar in. Meggie

Helps, if victory is to the patience, you'd better a give in. That ere air has grow'd thin and grey, and all off the top, and yet, Mrs. Margaret, there's a party wall atwixt us. Mrs. Margaret Helps, widder, I don't believe in patience, an' I'm agoin' to try another tack. Mrs. Margaret Helps, widder, I'm agoin' to give up gardenin'."

"And agoin' away, Solomons?"

"I ain't agoin' away, but I mean to turn bricklayer, Mrs. Helps. I'm agoin' to knock that party wall down. I've been storing up my love till—"

"Store's no store, Mr. Solomons."

"Ain't it? It's made me smart enough; and if short reckonings make long friends, lord knows we ought to be enemies. Mrs. Margaret Helps, widder, I ain't agoin' to wait any longer, and name the 'appy day instanter."

"Oh! Mr. Solomons, would you kindly hand me a glass of water with a lump of sugar in it?"

"Name the happy day."

"The which, Mr. Solomons, if you would open the window though October, and my winter rheumatics beginning, I think I could bless you, Joseph."

"Name the happy day."

"The which if neither water nor air I can have, faint I shall."

"Instanter," said Solomons, who had taken away his right arm, and folded it and the left like Napoleon at St. Helena.

"Oh, Mr. Solomons, which my head, and which the rest of my poor body I cannot say, but unprepared for this."

"What, after twenty years since Helps went, and near ten years afore he know'd yer?"

"Solomons, water—air!"

"Name the day, then?"

"Must I?"

"Name it. Tempers fugit, Mrs. Helps."

"Then—"

"Take time, Mrs. Helps."

"When—"

"Exactly. A step at a time brings a slow man to the top o' the Monument."

"When—my young lady is made happy."

"Very well. Then, now, old woman, give me a hug."

Here the arms, like Napoleon at St. Helena, were unlocked, and put themselves like a handsome pair of home-made waist bracelets about the bust of Mrs. Margaret Helps, widder.

This performance apparently squeezed all the reserve of thirty years out of Mrs. Helps's dear old heart.

"Oh, Solomons, why didn't you thirty years ago?"

"Why, how was I to know?"

"It's what Helps did."

"Kiss Helps! Can't you leave him in the tomb?"

"Well, Solomons, I will for the future; the which, though say I must, I never could a said yes, for a man who saw double were my aversion; but come he did, and go away he did not; till I said the day; and which for peace and quietness I did, and which I ever bemoaned it were you not—but early gout came and swept him off, and you once more returned—and never till to-day the man you should have been and are."

"Yere, yere!" said Solomons. "He who don't blow his own trumpet hasn't got one."

"And which, Joseph—Joseph it shall be. I think I could prefer a quiet wedding, and perhaps drive me over, you would, in Stubbs' gamboge, a frightful colour, but a good 'un to go—not the cart, but pony; and to St. Thomas's at Budeigh, and be given away by the clerk; which of course I mean me, though it might seem the cart I meant; though which it were absurd and could not be, not being able to go in at the church-door. And your best man nobody, for better than yourself there could not be; and, Joseph, a good and true wife I'll make, and why not thirty years ago? The which tell nobody of it, until the gorgeous knot is tied, and never undone till death do us part; and hug me once again, but not so hard."

Here Solomons, the victor, proceeded to hug the coming wife of his bosom. But inasmuch as his back was to the door, he could not see it open, which it did, followed by the immediate apparition of Kezia, who was so astonished at the vision, that she immediately plunged into that variety of her fitful existence, which Marier Rebecker called a "screamer," and so brought the household down upon the loves of Margaret Helps, widow, and her Joseph.

## CHAPTER XII.

## DOUBTS.

It is a fortnight since the dahlia show at Stoible, and every day Sir Pomeroy has visited Oaklands. Hemmings, from some old-fashioned prejudice, as honest as crooked, has not asked the coming son-in-law to stay at the house. He is glad to see him, and though he will not own it to himself, he actually lays in wait for the young man at various points of the road, and welcomes him heartily. Then he adds the flimsiest pretence for being there, and accompanies Pomeroy to the house.

If Lemmings is on horseback, the two men ride side by side; if the peasant gentleman is afoot, Pomeroy will get off the saddle, and walk by Lemmings's side up to the house. The advances of Nan's father towards Nan's future husband would have made you laugh, though you had been ready to weep as well.

By the way, it has been said Lemmings was proud, and that in his way he could be fierce.

He was as proud as fierce. And none the less proud that he affected to be humble. None the less fierce because he was indeed gentle.

In the past early, bitter days, when, like Esau, he had been deprived of his birthright, he had hardened within himself. Candid with all men, he was familiar with none. When the first Sweetheart Nan came to his barren home, his heart melted,—though he hid the torrent even from her in some degree. When she died, the stout heart would have broken, perhaps, but for the little hand of his daughter the dying wife put to his lips.

He fought with his enemy, death. While his past wife lay in the house—though he held in horror the corruption of death—though, as a pure-thoughted man, he knew that the dead lady herself, if her spirit could whisper to him, would pray him not to look upon the moveless clay—yet he defied death calmly, and sat looking for whole minutes at the solemnly sleeping wife.

Very loving, this man, very gentle in his daily life, but on his face the promise of will and defiance to the brink of death. The waters of his life were still, and they ran deep. They sparkled in the sun; they were sweet, cool, and healthy; but let a storm arise, and they would foam, sweep obstacles from their course, and rend the very earth about them.

Yes to the baronet he gave way, like as a proud little child yields to kindness.

For the first day or so he was rather high and mighty with the man who was about taking away Sweetheart Nan. It is a hard case of the father's and the mother's. They watch the children, teach them to walk, guard them earnestly and eagerly till they have grown to young men and women, and then, behold! they fly away and leave the old nest desolate, the parent birds dimly pluming their poor feathers, and trying to console themselves with the knowledge that they themselves, when young, did likewise.

Some fathers and mothers, when they have but one nestling, guard it too fiercely. They keep it unnaturally in the home-nest, and they are wrong and unjust. They should remember their own early spring-time, and not shadow that of their child. Lemmings was not a greedy father. All his love was his Nannie's,—but it was a just love. He had always said, "Where her looves, her shall wed."

After the first day or so, he became familiar with the baronet, as he had been before the engagement. And by the end of the week he was calling him "lad," or "boy;" and you might have seen the two men strolling up to the house together, the elder one with his right hand familiarly resting on the left shoulder of the other.

That fortnight of days were very happy ones for the peasant gentleman.

"See, lad,—there her be!" he would say as they approached the house, and as the broad, bright face of Sweetheart Nan would appear at one of the long line of drawing room windows.

He was too eager and too happy to see there were shadows in Pomeroy's face.

Nor did Sweetheart Nan mark these marrings of his countenance. Ellen Villiers alone saw them, and by the swift knowledge of her own wretchedness knew they boded evil.

Whether she was right or wrong who shall pretend to say?—but she spoke to Annie of the evident uneasiness which the baronet was enduring. It is no uncommon result of a chain of misfortunes overweighing a young woman, that in thought she becomes aged, and is ready with the advice of age to those of her own sex and time of life with whom existence has not played the traitor.



It was on that very morning when Mrs. Helps and Solomons had their final battle of courtship, that Ellen ventured to open her mind on this subject to Sweetheart Nan.

"Annie, dear," she began, "don't you think much of the pleasure we have in each other's society arises from the frankness there is between us?"

"You dear old Doldrums," replied Nannie, "I know by the look of your dear old face I'm going to have a lecture. Bang away, only do, do be quick about it!"

"Well, perhaps I had better not speak."

"You provoking madame parson you, speak out directly. You know very well you're dying to tell me all about it. What's the matter? Has that unfortunate Kezia come to grief? or is part of the foundation of Oaklands gone, or the gipsies sent all the women in the place mad after husbands? What—what is it, you dear old gravity, you?"

"Annie, dear, Sir Edgar Pomeroy is troubled about something."

"Well, would not you be, missy, if you were engaged to be married?"

"I think you ought to ask him what it's all about."

"You little curious woman you, you want to know all about it, I suppose?"

"No, Nannie; but I do want you to know all about it."

"Very well, then. Mind, the moment he comes—he ought to be here by this time he's a quarter behind the time I gave him—the moment he comes in I shall say, 'Sir Edgar Pomeroy, Bart.—as papa will call him—go down on your knees, and confess what's the matter with you, on pain of our displeasure!'"

"Don't be ridiculous. Put when I've left the room—"

"For a thimble, or your scissors, Nelly? I understand."

"Do, do, do ask what ails him; it will be much better for both of you."

"Very well, I will. See, there he and papa comes; and dear papa with his hand on Edgar's shoulder, as usual, just like clock-work."

Up she jumped, and ran to the window, and began nodding and smiling in the most glorious way. There was no young ladyism about her. She did not wait till the canary opened the door; she ran to and unlatched it herself, and stood at the stair-head waiting for them.

"Yere we be—yere we be, Sweetheart," said Lemmings; but he would not come into the drawing room, though to refuse was no pleasure, if one may judge by his heavy steps as he left the house. They were not so light as those which had brought him to the foot of the staircase. No, he would not "oom oop" there was this to look after, and that, and a third thing "moost be doone."

And so he went away.

Sweetheart Nan held her hand out with such a wealth of frankness to the baronet, that for a moment the doubt left his face; but it had settled upon his features again before he and Annie had entered the drawing-room.

And by that time she had marked the gravity, which Ellen's quick eyes had found out, and perhaps there was a reflection of it on her own broad, handsome face.

"How do you do, Miss Villiers?"

"Quite well, Sir Edgar. Did you notice, as you came along to the village, if the blinds of the little honeysuckled cottage were down?"

"No."

"Ah! I had better go and see for myself. I shall be back soon, Annie. You will not be gone, Sir Edgar, by the time I return, will you?"

"Oh, no; I have come for a long day."

Ellen Villiers knew that the moment she had left the room, Sweetheart Nan would go straight to the question—what ailed him?

She was right. The sounds of Ellen's footsteps had not died away, when Sweetheart Nan said, "Edgar, sit down. I want to talk to you. No—not on the hassock, but like a natural being—on a chair."

"You are angry this morning, Sweetheart Nan."

"No, but I am anxious."

"Indeed, Annie—and what about?"

Even in a few moments her face had changed: she still looked brave, handsome, and kind, but there were dark circles round her eyes, and her lips were pale, and she knew that her heart was beating wildly.

"Edgar, what is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" he replied, looking so completely astounded as to appear almost foolish.

"Yes, what is the matter? You are keeping something from me which concerns me."

"Indeed, I am not."

"Yes, Edgar Pomeroy. Your very answer convinces me I am right. And you fear to pain me by speaking. You will not. I can bear as much, I feel sure, as most women. What is it, and who is the cause of it? Surely—surely they do not attack—poor papa? He's a good fellow enough in his way, and those who condemn him must have very bad hearts."

"Indeed—indeed, no one has spoken unkindly of Mr. Lemmings. It would now be my duty to defend him, and surely you do not doubt that I would?"

"Against men, yes. But not against women. I have not forgotten Lady Carbunkle, and her precious flock, at the dahlia show. The woman insulted me—why?"

"Perhaps—"

"Well, perhaps what, Pomeroy?"

"Perhaps she was jealous of Sweetheart Nan."

A slight blush and a little smile came upon Nan's face, but they passed in a moment, and she continued, "I ask you, Pomeroy, to tell me what ails you? Surely I have now a right to know your secrets. There, sir—that will do. I happen to be wearing the ring you gave me, and that is no reason you should crush my hand with it. Come now, do tell me what is the matter?"

"It is nothing to do with you, Nan."

"Oh, then there is something?"

"There—confound it, you fix a fellow, and then you turn round upon him. Declare it's nothing to do with you."

"But it is to do with you, Eddy."

"Yes."

"Then it must be with me. Come, now, tell me."

Here she got up, put her arm round his neck, stooped till her smooth hair lay against his cheek, and she said, lowly, "You must tell me now."

"Then, if—if you must know—"

"Of course I must."

"Though I warn you, Nannie, dear, it will pain you."

"I thought you said it had nothing to do with me."

"Nor has it, in reality."

"Oh, dear, dear!—and yet the men say it is the women who are contrary. Pray go on!"

"The fact is, Nan—"

Here he stopped.

"Well; it's a very slow fact."

"It's all about your fortune."

"What?"

"Your fortune, Nan."

She leapt up from her nestling position.

"You don't mean to say that you let money come between us, Pomeroy?"

"No, of course not; yet—"

"Yet what, Sir Edgar? Pray, be plain and straightforward, if possible!"

Then she sat down a little apart from him.

"Look here, Nan. I'd no idea you were so rich as you are."

She answered only by patting her foot lightly and repeatedly on the ground.

"And I'm, to tell the truth, rather poor for a baronet, as you know."

Still the movement of the foot, and no other answer.

"And I've been thinking that I ought not, perhaps, to have thought of you. But why don't you answer?"

"What answer can I make?"

"And then I thought that the world would say that I married you for your money, and not for yourself; and I could not bear that!"

"So!" she said, lowly. "You say you love me?"

"Indeed, Nan, I do, with all my life!"

She waved his words past her, as it were, with her hand, and continued, "If you loved me truly, you would not think of any drawback in connection with me. Don't think that by those words I refer to my father. He is no drawback. He is an honest gentleman. So you profess to love me, and yet your pride rises at the idea of not equalling me in money matters. And while you should think only of me as your wife, you are wondering what the world, and fearing what the world, will say when you are ready to declare I shall be all in all to you. This is what you call love! It is that of a boy, Sir Edgar—it is that of a boy! It is not that of a man!"

"Would you have me put all justice on one side?"

"Yes, in this matter."

"But the world would say—"

"You should not care what the world said."

"And would you counsel a man to set the world at defiance?"

"Yes, when it is mean and truckling."

"Mean and truckling; that's what the world might say of me."

"You repeat your fears. I know but of one way to avoid further repetition of them."

"Nan!"

"And that is by seeing me no more!"

"Sweetheart Nan!"

"Oh, you think because you have only seen the bright side of my character, that it has no dark? I assure you, Sir Edgar, that, when occasion calls for it, I can be as harsh as any man. I declare that you have outraged me!"

"You forced me to tell you, Nannie!"

"Outraged me—not in words, but in thought!"

"Annie, my dear, you are making too great a complaint!"

"No! I met you frankly and openly; I declare I have hidden nothing from you! Meanwhile, every time you have seen me, you have concealed from me this mean fear of what the world will say of your marrying an heiress!"

"Forgive me, Nannie!"

"No, I cannot!"

"But you will?"

"I cannot answer for myself!"

"But are not you unjust?"

"Perhaps—but I am incapable of acting otherwise than I do! I can never think so honestly of you as I have done! Pray leave me!"

"For—for good?"

"I did not say that!"

"Annie, dear, why are you so angry?" Then he attempted to take her in his arms, but she struck him almost motionless by the fierceness with which she asked—

"And pray, by the force of what existing right do you touch me?"

It was now his turn to be outraged.

"I have no right to touch you, Annie; and I grieve that you should call such a right in question; and I have no desire so to do, if it is your wish that I abstain from the act!"

"I have no power to control your acts, except as they affect myself, Sir Pomeroy; and you almost induce me to desire that I may never have a further right than I possess at present!"

The words were said so defiantly, and with such width—if the word may be used—that Pomeroy would have been a mean-spirited man to have borne them tamely.

Nor did he.

He rose quickly from his seat.

"Miss Lemmings, you surely cannot fully mean what you have said?"

"I do!"

"Then you surely do not comprehend their full meaning?"

"I do!"

"You mean, in other words, that you give me my dismissal?"

"If so you read my words, I mean them to take such a signification!"

"I confess, Miss Lemmings, I was totally unprepared for any such display of anger on your part as this!"

"Then, Sir Edgar, you have the pleasure, or displeasure, of experiencing a surprise!"

"By no means a pleasant one. I was quite unprepared for your meeting my confidence in this way."

"I was quite unprepared for such a confidence."

"I but judge as the world judges."

"And there judged wrongly. Did my dear father judge as you judge, when he married my mother? And there was far greater differences of fortune between them than us. He cared nothing for the opinion of the world. He loved her—and with that love he defied the world."

"But—"

"Continue your sentence."

"But there are other differences."

"What! you mean between you and my father's station?" Sweetheart Nan continued, impetuously and angrily. "I think not. Though you are a baronet, and he but a simple farmer, he has as much self-respect as you, Sir Edgar, I assure you."

"You twist my words to most unwarrantable meanings."

"Your words justify me in attributing to them any meaning. But it is needless to continue this discussion."

"You mean, I infer, that I can go."

"You can go."

She said the words with most unpardonable severity. Her father's wilfulness, and defiance at any price, had gained possession of her. If at any time a cause of fierce estrangement should arise between father and daughter, neither would assuredly offer the first hand. They were too, too much alike.

The baronet said word no further.

Even the bow he made was but slight. Nan's anger and defiance had fallen straight upon his heart, and blanched his face, and lit up a strange light in his eyes.

Her sight followed him to the door, but her voice did not utter the one word that would have called him back.

He was gone.

A few moments, and Ellen Villiers, (who had not had time in which to leave the house,) having seen the baronet ride away, and guessing that something had taken a serious turn, entered the room hurriedly.

Sweetheart Nan was seated, and calmly going on with her embroidery. Though, by the way, perhaps she was not making many advantageous stitches.

"That is right, Nelly—come and keep company with me. You're the only one now."

"You don't mean to say you've dismissed him?"

"Oh, no—he dismissed himself."

"May I ask what this dreadful business is all about?"

"Certainly. He found that he should be humiliated in marrying me, because it seems he has learnt from papa that I've more money than he has. I told him, or gave him to understand, that my husband must be proud of me, and having me, defy the world. My

mother and father were all in all to each other. So also my husband and I must be all in all to each other. I told him so, and he is gone."

"And you can really say such words in a steady voice?"

"Yes."

"And you really believe he has gone, never to return?"

"I shall not recall him—and I doubt if he will be the first to hold out a hand."

"Then the match is entirely broken off?"

"Completely."

"Oh, Sweetheart—Sweetheart Nan!"

"And what of her, Nelly?"

"It is better as it is, Annie. If you can talk so calmly of letting him go, you would never have grown to love him."

"You are mistaken, Ellen. You often give me lessons; let me give you one. I keep my passions reined in: if I gave them way, they would destroy me. I should have loved Edgar Pomeroy, but he has—I must say the word—disgusted me; and where disgust is there can be no love."

"And would nothing make you hold out your hand to him again?"

"I will not say that. But I doubt if any circumstance could induce me to."

"Not if he recognised his fault?"

"I doubt if the recognition could blot out the having conceived it. I still further doubt if he would recognise it. He is of the world too much, Nelly, and too much guided by it, to be as I would have him."

"But remember, all this scene has been the work of but a few poor minutes. Are you quite, quite sure nothing would lead to a reconciliation?"

Sweetheart Nan looked up and smiled very gravely. "I see my darling," she continued—"I see your drift thoroughly. You are trying if I have the least love for him in some little corner of my heart, such as you talked about some weeks since. No, I have felt kindly towards him, and that is all. It may be monstrous that I had promised to marry a man whom I did not love, but so it was. I repeat I should have loved him after we were married."

"And no cause, you think, would induce you to resume an engagement which you consider broken off?"

"None."

"I am glad to hear this, Nannie; for I am quite, quite sure I am right when I say no woman should marry without love. She cannot be sure of love coming with marriage. And, Sweetheart Nan, remember, that no cause of joy to others should induce a woman to sacrifice herself. No desire to secure the happiness of another, Nan, should induce you to sacrifice yourself. For the end could not be gained—you would be wretched."

"I cannot be sure of that, Nelly. I think our happiness perhaps lies only in sacrifice."

And, as an answer to her words, the door slowly, very slowly opened, and a very aged-looking and broken-down man entered the room.

This was Squire Lemmings.

One moment had broken him down in this way. His early life had been so hard, that the first herald of sorrow struck him, as it were, a fierce blow.

"Ah've joost left Sir Edgar Pomeroy, Bart." he said, as Sweetheart Nan rose a little guiltily and went towards him.

"Well, father dear, we can do without him." Here she took his arm, and led him to his usual seat near her chair.

"Where art thee going, lass?" he continued to Nelly, who was leaving the room, "don't thee leave Nan and I. Stoop lass, stoop."

"No, Mr. Lemmings, let me be frank," said Nelly; "you and Annie had best be left together!"

"Thank thee, lass—thank thee. Perchance thee be right."

Annie remember what we have been talking about, Nelly continued, in a marked voice; and, so saying, she left the room. The father and daughter were now face to face.

As the door closed, their eyes met. Thus looking at each other, they were terribly alike. Each loving, but resolute—each merciful, and yet defiant.

"And what hast thou and her been talking of?"

"Sir Edgar Pomeroy," she replied.

"And what did ye say?"

"Very little—only that we had parted, and so the e was an end of the matter."

"He has told I all about it, lass, and thee need not!"

"You are speaking very coldly, father!"

"Ah am—ah mean it, lass! Thee hast been wrong!"

The colour rose to her face, as she said, "Indeed, papa!"

"Thee hadst boot to think world would sneer at thee, and thee hadst boot to think world do sneer at a man for a bit chance thee did wrong, and I told thee thee did!"

"Then—you—you have been very cruel, papa!"

"Ah have been boot joost!"

"Just—I think not! And what else did you tell him?"

"Ah told him I would do my best for him!"

"How, papa?"

"By asking thee, Nan, to smile upon the poor lad again!"

"No, no!"

"Ah'd set my heart upon t'lad, Sweetheart!"

"Indeed, father!"

"Ah had, lass. He's a bright like lad, and a fit mate for thee. And, lassie, ah thought that he would be by thee side after ah'd gone to grave, lass; and thee hast joost broken doon my life!"

Something in the words touched her immeasurably.

She turned quickly to her father, put her arms round his neck, and said, "So you would have me marry this man, not so much because you like him, as because it would ease your mind to see me provided for for life! Is that so, papa?"

"Yes, Sweetheart!"

She hesitated for a moment, began playing with the buttons of her father's coat, and then, suddenly kissing him, she said, "Tell Sir Edgar he may come back, if he will!"

Within the hour, Squire Lemmings set out blithely after Sir Edgar; but his face would have changed once more could he have seen how pale Sweetheart Nan looked, as, having told Nelly of the result of the interview, the latter put her hands to her forehead, and replied, "Annie, I am very sorry to hear this; I am most grieved to hear this."

"It is done," said Sweetheart Nan. "Let us never more refer to this day's events."

During the several following hours, Nelly was very gentle and pitying towards Nan. The latter rebelled at first against this treatment. But she yielded after a time, and was very humble and yielding towards her old friend.

At last, the slow tramp of a horse is heard.

For this Annie has been watching.

She meets her father in the hall, but he avoids her face.

"Come into the drawing-room, papa."

She leads him into the little chamber in question, closes the door, and then asks, "What is the matter, papa?"

"Sir Edgar Pomeroy be gone."

"Gone!—where?"

"To his brother; he talked often o' his brother."

"But why does this concern you, papa?"

"Prap his brother 'ull teach he to despise such folk as we—that is, as I be."

"Then, papa, we can despise in return."

"Nay," said the Squire; "ah'll go to his brother."

(To be continued in our next.)



## Varieties.

OUT the acquaintance of any lady who signs a letter with "yours obediently."

I HAVE known many fools to be gluttons but never knew one that was an epicure.

A PASSION for sweetmeats, and a weak intellect, generally go together.

WHY is an industrious tailor never at home? Because he is always cutting out.

WHY are fashionable ladies like good painters? Because they fill up their back-ground so well.

"We met—'twas in a crowd—and he thought he would shun me"—as the policeman said to the pickpocket.

MEN of genius make the most ductile husbands. A fool has too much opinion of his own dear self, and too little of women's, to be easily governed.

ALWAYS act in the presence of children with the utmost circumspection. They mark all you do, and most of them are more wise than you imagine.

I NEVER knew a truly estimable man offer a finger; it is ever a sign of a cold heart; and he who is heartless is positively worthless, though he may be negatively harmless.

A YOUNG Irishman, applying for the situation of governess, which was advertised the other day, says, "I propose to produce a caricature that will give satisfaction."

A WIZARD who thought Sir Isaac Newton must have been assisted in his investigations by some demon, was told it was actually the case—it was demon-stration.

WHEN a certain worthy laird had his head taken off in the Scotch troubles, his housekeeper feelingly remarked, "It was nae great thing of a head to be sure, but it was a sair loss to him."

"I WISH you would not smoke cigars," said a plump little black-eyed girl to her lover. "Why not I smoke, as well as your chimney?" "Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order."

A MAN who has married a second wife during the life of the first has a greater chance of happiness than if he had only taken one. Why? With one wife he might be happy; with two he is sure to be transported.

THE affection of women is the most wonderful thing in the world; it tires not—faints not—dreads not—cools not. It is like the naphtha that nothing can extinguish but the trampling foot of death.

THERE are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it.

A LADY has pronounced it to be her opinion that the galvanic ring is powerless in comparison to the wedding ring, asserting that the shock of the latter is felt all one's life, and that too so strongly, that, once upon the finger, the greatest force and expense are requisite to get rid of it.

A GENTLEMAN near Limerick, a lineal descendant of Sir Boyle Roche, having heard that the galvanic rings would cure anything, ordered a number of them to be used as snout-rings for his pigs, expecting to have his bacon cured that way.

A COBBLER in one of the eastern cities thus announces his calling:—"Surgery performed here upon old boots and shoes, by adding to the feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with soles."

AN Irish tailor, making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the gentleman inquiring for his garments, was told by the ninth part of an Irishman that the clothes happening to fit a countryman of his, he had let them out at a shilling per week.

THERE is a language in flowers, which is very eloquent—a philosophy that is instructive. Nature appears to have made them as emblems of women.

The timid snow-drop, the modest violet, the languid primrose, the coy lily, the flaunting tulip, the smart marigold, the lowly blushing daisy, the proud foxglove, the deadly nightshade, the sleepy poppy, and the sweet solitary eglantine, are all types.

"TENTERDEN STEEPLE IS THE CAUSE OF THE GOODWIN SANDS."—It is reported that those quicksands were once firm land, in the possession of Earl Goodwin, and that the Bishop of Rochester, employing the revenue assigned to maintain the banks against the encroaching of the sea upon the building and endowing Tenterden Church, the sea overwhelmed it; whereupon grew the Kentish proverb, "That Tenterden steeple is the cause of the Goodwin Sands."

RIVAL SINGERS.—Dr. Arne was once asked by two vocalists of Covent Garden Theatre, to decide which of them sung the best. The day being appointed, both parties exerted themselves to the utmost, and when they had finished, the doctor addressing the first, said, "As for you, sir, you are the worst singer I ever heard in my life." "Ah! ah!" said the other, exulting, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stop sir," says the Doctor; "I have a word to say to you before you go;—as for you, sir, you cannot sing at all."

PLAIN TRUTH.—Our pickets and the enemy's on Morris Island (Charleston harbour) converse freely across the narrow creek which separates them, and miniature vessels freighted with tobacco have been often sent to our side with requests for reciprocal cargoes of coffee, the total want of which the rebels say is a source of great discomfort to them. "Say, Yankee," was shouted across the river the other day, "haint you tired of this war?" "No, sir-ee," responded our picket. "It's a — lie," insisted the rebel; "you're just as sick of it as we are, and you know it."—*New York Tribune.*

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## Wit and Wisdom.

"VERY little doing," as the tongue said to the teeth, at the time of the famine in Egypt.

How many eggs can a Frenchman eat? Only one. How is that? Because one egg is an *œuf*! (enough).

In the books of Wroughton church, there is an entry of "Paid to W. Manning, for killing three authors, 3s.; also, 'Paid John Thomas for an author's head, 1s.' For 'author,' read 'otter!'"

"WHAT's that?" asked a schoolmaster, pointing to the letter X. "Daddy's name." "No, it isn't daddy's name, you blockhead—it's X." "No, no, it ain't," said the boy; "it's daddy's name; I've seen him write it often."

A PUNSTER FISHING.—A gentleman calling on a friend the other day, and seeing that he had a very thick pair of gloves on, said to him, "These are warm gloves for the house!"—"Oh," replied the other, "I wear them out."—"I suppose you do," replied the waylaying wag.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Pepper had been several times thrown from a spirited young horse, and was relating the circumstance to a friend, at the same time observing that he had never given his horse a name. "I think," replied his friend, you should call him Pepper-caster."

STEAM.—By and bye folks won't be of no use at all. There won't be no people in the world but tea-kettles; no mouths but safety valves; and no talking but blowing off steam. If I had a little boiler inside of me, I'd turn omnibus.—*Sam Slick.*

A TOBACCO MANUFACTURER'S OPINION OF A PIPE.—It is a great soother, a pleasant comforter. Blue devils fly before its honest breath; it ripens the brain, it opens the heart; and the man who smokes, thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan.

As Pat Hogan sat enjoying his connubial bliss upon the banks of a southern creek, he espied a turtle emerging from the stream. "Och hone!" he exclaimed, solemnly, "that iver I should come to America to see a snuff-box walk." "Whist," said his wife; "don't be after making fun of the birds."

If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a tender conversation with her tender sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain—we've seen it tried. Don't forget this, little boys.

"WELL, Nanny," said a guest at a marriage-feast, the other day, as she hailed the approach of a female bending beneath the weight of years and infirmity, and who had been suffering from a diseased throat, "how are you to-day?" "Oh, thank God," in a cheerful tone, replied she, "I am better now my neck's broke."

A FRENCH master, when going on horseback to an academy for ladies, was thrown off into a ditch. When he made his appearance before his mistress, in order to apologize for the dirt which besmeared his habiliments, he said, "Ah, madame, I have fallen into the dish." "Oui, monsieur," she replied, "I see it, since you are covered with the gravy."

WHEN Bishop Aylmer observed his congregation inattentive, he used to read some verses out of the Hebrew Bible, at which the people naturally stared with astonishment. He then addressed them on the folly of greedily listening to what concerned them not, while they were inattentive to matters in which their best interests were deeply involved.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Indian army returned after an absence of ten years. Immediately on meeting with his father, "Jamie," said the old gentleman, "ye've just been out ten years, how muckle ha'e ye made?" "Five hundred thousand pounds," was the reply. "Eh, man, ye should have stayed either ten years, and made it a million."

MEN MILLINERS.—A stranger to the customs of Mexico is immediately struck with the appearance of the milliners' shops. Twenty or thirty stout men, in moustaches, being regularly employed in making ladies' dresses, stays, caps, and artificial flowers—an extraordinary scene, when contrasted with the young women employed in such occupations in England.

YOUTHFUL EXUBERANCES.—A volatile young man was introduced to a gentleman by his father, for the gentleman's patronage. The youth's observations not having the solidity of sixty about them, he was objected to. "Ay," said the old man, "the boy, sir, is like a pot of good beer; through there is a good deal of froth at the top, what's underneath is none the worse of it."

OVERWORKED CHANCELLORS.—Thurlow, on being asked how he got through all his business as a chancellor, answered, "Just as a pickpocket gets through a horse-poult—he must get through."

When a similar question was put to him, answered in much the same spirit, though in a more professional style: "I divide my business into three parts; one part I do; another does it self; and the third goes undone."

A CHIMNEY ON FIRE.—Reader, if you ever had the misfortune to have a chimney take fire, you know what ensued; if you never had that luxury, you would not believe in the consequences.

Buckets of water poured down wrong chimneys; dirty wet men, in dirty wet boots, trampling over your carpets; noisy little boys bellowing in derision—in short, a chimney on fire is several degrees worse than a house in the same predicament.—*Cruikshank's Tab'le Book.*

"PRAY, Mr. Betterton," asked the good Archbishop Bancroft of the celebrated actor, "can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage, speaking of things imaginary, affect your audience as if they were real, while we in the church speak of things real, which our congregations receive only as if they were imaginary?"

"Why, really, my lord," answered Betterton, "I don't know; unless it is that we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary."—*Edinburgh Review.*

**BRITANNIA THE GREAT THEATRE.**  
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**THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE Fancy Fair**  
at the Crystal Palace to-day and Monday promises to be a great success. Among the novelties of the occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have had presented to them a slice of the Prince of Wales's wedding-cake. This is to be divided into small portions, and sold as souvenirs of the fair, at the stall over which Mrs. Howard Paul will preside. Who can calculate upon the efficacy of such a charm when placed under the pillow of spinster or bachelor?

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